May 4, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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Strange . . . that the genius of a single family should have guided the smart world for a century in its choice of perfumes! Yet the reign of the Guerlain dynasty has been unbroken for a hundred changing years. The loveliness of the Empress Eugenie found its complement in the delightful flower odeurs created for her by Pierre Francois Guerlain. The gay rebels who shook off the Victorian yoke found their new daring incarnated in Jicky. The elegantes of today adore the sophistication of Shalimar.

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 11, May 4, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

You *Can* Pay More Than $90 for a Fine Suit of Clothes But You *Don't* Have To

THIS advertisement is meant to appeal to men who want the fabrics and the finish of the custom tailored product without the uncertainty of how it will turn out. It is also written for those men who have no great sympathy with high prices charged by custom tailors.

Macy's, at $90, features a carefully selected group of suits; hand tailored in the sort of woolens which are in thoroughly good taste. They are as fine suits, ready to wear, as you can find any place.

Why not stop in one of these days when you are in the mood for a new suit and let us show you what $90 can buy at Macy's, in the way of meticulous hand tailoring and custom fabrics.

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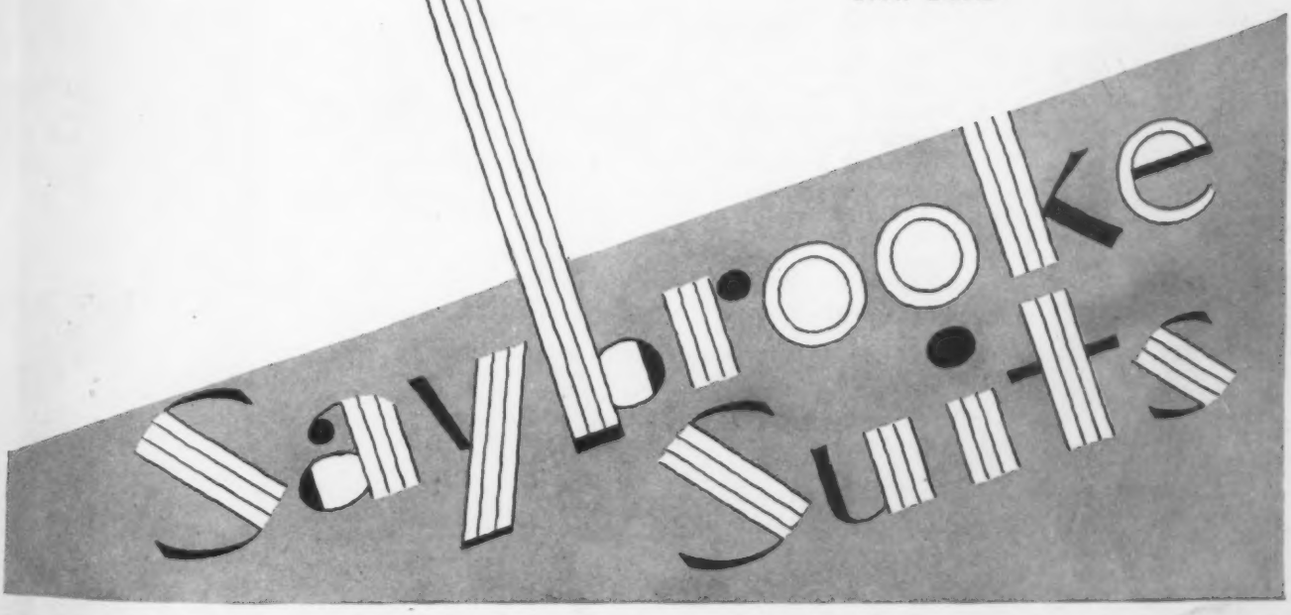
MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway
New York



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Have you tried Isabey's Eau de Toilette in the famous floral odeurs, diluted with ice-water, as a skin freshener . . . as a subtle deodorant . . . or as a fragrant, cooling rub-down? It is an exquisite substitute for perfume during warm weather . . . and together with Isabey's Floral Bath Powders, indispensable to Summer Loveliness.

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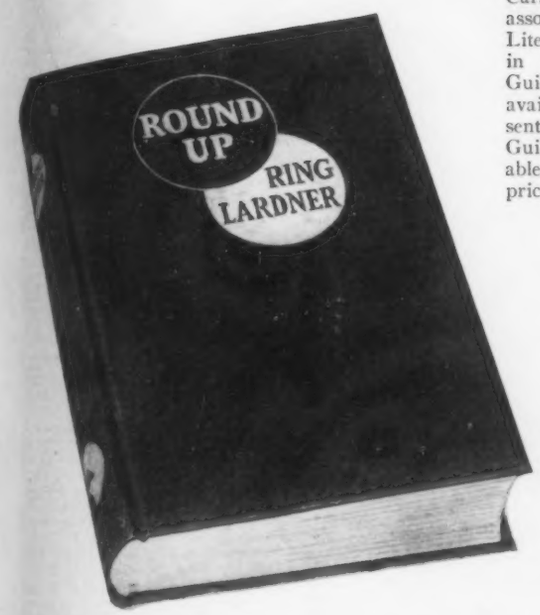
ISABEY-PARIS, Inc. ◂ 411 Fifth Avenue ◂ New York City

Ring Lardner Said:

"That's THEIR Hard Luck"

When the GUILD Chose His New Book



ROUND UP, by Ring Lardner, was chosen by Carl Van Doren and his associates for the 70,000 Literary Guild members in April. The special Guild Edition is still available and it will be sent to those who join the Guild now, at a considerable saving on the regular price.

MR. RING W. LARDNER

It was not until a reporter who knew a little German penetrated to the Lardner lair in 86th Street that the Master himself learned of his success.

The Sage of Great Neck was overwhelmed. No more cringing beneath Ray Long's lash to earn the pittance Cosmopolitan pays its slaves! No more long hours over a typewriter in The Telegraph's 8th Avenue shambles only to be fired without notice! Fame and fortune at last after struggle and heart-break!

The reporter, breathless after blurting out his news, hung on the Master's words, swaying a bit in the East River breeze.

"Well," said Ring, "that's their hard luck." The *mot* of the century!

"And mind you," he continued, "I'll attend no luncheons and I'll meet no sea captains. And I won't learn to swear or spit a curve in the wind. Go! Tell your editor Ring Lardner, of Niles, Mich., is no man's celebrity!"

The reporter climbed on his bicycle and went.

Have You Been High-hatting the GUILD? That's YOUR Hard Luck!

FOOLING to one side, can you afford to ignore the Literary Guild in the face of its record and in the face of this latest selection? A sneer at the Guild is not fashionable—it's just expensive. And not a little ridiculous. The bitterest critics of the Guild idea have long ago been won over by the books chosen by Carl Van Doren and his aides.

Let's look at the record, as Al Smith says. Every Guild choice has reflected a high regard not only for literary excellence but also for complete freedom of expression, for individuality as opposed to standardization in letters.

The first Guild selection, for instance—"Anthony Comstock", by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leach. Was that salty biography of the Roundsman of the Lord food for Nice Nellies? Did it indicate that the young Guild was preparing to cringe before a prospective clientele of dullards?

Other books of a stamp as distinctive, as individual, as unique, followed—month after month. Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Tristram*, Vinar Delmar's *Bad Girl*, Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, Jim Tully's *Circus Parade; The Magic Island, François Villon, Meet General Grant.*

And now—Ring Lardner! *Round Up*, the April Guild book, is a collection of his famous short stories, with a great many new ones.

The Guild brings you books you inevitably will want to read, conveniently by mail, and at a price which sometimes has been as low as $3.25 below the retail rate. It's as simple as that. There's no slightest trace of compulsion about it. And if you don't want the Guild book you can replace it with any other book in print in the United States.

Investigate this book-buying plan. The Coupon will bring you WINGS, containing complete details.

The Literary Guild of America, Inc.
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55 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.

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Dept. 86 N. Y.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me a copy of WINGS which tells me how to become a member of the Literary Guild if I want to.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 11. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—The atmosphere of Edith Wharton's novel of New York in the seventies transferred to the stage in a slow play full of renunciations, and worth seeing for Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild sponsors an unpretentious but very enjoyable light comedy from the Czechoslovakian. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CAPRICE—A Viennese trifle so perfectly acted by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt that its unimportance becomes unimportant. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CARNIVAL—"Camille" in terms of the stomach dancer of a side show who has fascinated the son of a Middle-Western burgher. (Forrest, 49, W.)

CONFLICT—The pleasantly set-forth saga of a war marriage which didn't turn out so well. (Vanderbilt, 48, E.)

HARLEM—A murder and a good glimpse of folk ways in the Black Belt. (Times Square, 42, W.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's engaging high comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JONESY—An unassuming and fairly diverting farce of family life in a medium-sized American city. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—A fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

KIBITZER—Edward G. Robinson as a kibitzer at penny pinochle who is forced to play a big hand on the stock market. (Royale, 45, W. 2:50 P.M.)

LET US BE GAY—A divorced couple meet at a houseparty three years after. An amusing comedy, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Gay and well-presented comedy, featuring Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Ethel Barrymore almost redeems a dull play by the wit and glamour of her performance. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

MAN'S ESTATE—The troubled course of youthful ambition and love in the Middle West, illumined by the acting of Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore. (Biltmore, 47, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH—Mrs. Fiske glitters and sparkles delightfully in the revival of an antiquated comedy. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne's exciting play about a beautifully planned, and apparently detective-proof, murder. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE SEA GULL—A sincere, unfurbished presentation of Tchekov's beautiful play. (Comedy, 41, E. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—The amazing O'Neill marathon long since become permanent. Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's important and tremendously effective play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

BLACKBIRDS—If you've never heard the tap-tap of Bill Robinson's feet, don't miss this colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FIORETTA—Leon Errol in a preposterous, gigantic, blowzy show which is fair enough entertainment. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A gay, spirited show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Another good one. Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LADY FINGERS—A pleasant musical comedy made from Owen Davis' "Easy Come, Easy Go." (Liberty, 42, W.)

MUSIC IN MAY—Flowery Shubert operetta with a good score agreeably sung. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—Bad aesthetics but good entertainment. With Phil Baker. (Majestic, 44, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

THE RED ROBE—Stanley Weyman's romantic novel made into swashbuckling operetta, featuring Walter Woolf. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Only two more days to see this long-run musical, with Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, and a Jerome Kern score. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Closes Sat., May 4.)

SPRING IS HERE—Youth, horseplay, and lovemaking, with delightful tunes by Rodgers and Hart. Glenn Hunter is in it. (Alvin, 52, W.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb. Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," a delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," the famous leg show of the sixties, is being revived at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—James Barton, Claiborne Foster in a sketch by Maxwell Anderson, and Frances White will be at the Palace, Fri. and Sat., May 3 and 4. James Barton and George Jessel will be there for the week starting Sun., May 5. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5 P.M. . . . The Marx Brothers will be at the Riverside, B'way at 96, Fri. and Sat., May 3 and 4. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.

FOR CHILDREN—"H. M. S. Pinafore," Sat. Afts., May 4 and 11, at 2:30. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Seventh edition of the annual revue, with Albert Carroll and Dorothy Sands. (Booth, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—An intimate revue. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PASSION PLAY—Morris Gest's presentation of the Freiburg Passion Players. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the inimitable clowning of Fannie Brice.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson; Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway; with George Olsen and his band.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—A magnificent view and Vincent Lopez' music. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's jazz.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical of a number of places are: Casanova, 151 W. 54, which has a particularly good show, including Ramon and Rosita, the Yacht Club Boys, and Ohman and Arden; The Rendezvous, Winter Garden, B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with the amusing Jack White.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq., are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the most

(Continued on page 8)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	29
A REPORTER AT LARGE	32
TABLES FOR TWO	40
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	44
THE OARSMEN	47
THE RACE TRACK	50
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	60
ABOUT THE HOUSE	65
AS TO MEN	68
MUSICAL EVENTS	72
THE CURRENT CINEMA	74
PARIS LETTER	76
THE ART GALLERIES	82
OUT OF TOWN	84
RECENT BOOKS	87
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	90

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

Photos by Frank Adams Davis

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Smart Young Things Are Going to Wear Overalls This Summer!

Best's Nada overalls in colored linen, copen, orange, green, yellow, lilac, brown, or white. Misses' sizes 8.50. Worn with lisle mesh Chukker shirts in white or colors 2.95. Large natural straw hats with linen band to match overalls 2.95

THEY'LL wear them on the beach, they'll wear them in the garden, they'll wear them in their little sports roadsters running about country roads,—but even if they had no place to wear them they'd find some excuse to own them for this new fashion is quite the cutest thing the mode has seen in many Summers!

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

PARIS
LONDON

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th St., N. Y.

PALM
BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 11. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 6)

amusing places without a knowing guide, but you will find Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142, worth visiting. Go about 2 A.M. for the late show.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is good, and is best on Saturday night. . . . Yar, 9 E. 54, is dim and romantic, and yet chic.*

NOTES—The Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000), is open after the theatre Saturdays only; Larry Siry's orchestra*. . . . The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900). Must dress. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Pelham Parkway and Williamsbridge Road, is now open; Vincent Lopez' orchestra.

MOTION PICTURES

ALIBI—Night clubs, holdups, and even the domestic moments of the police and the crooks, make this a thoroughly exciting all-talking picture. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—Backstage life; an undistinguished talkie which is drawing crowds. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN—The trying but entertaining adventures and mishaps of a pretty lady, played by Dorothy Mackaill. Talking. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

INNOCENTS OF PARIS—When Maurice Chevalier sings this film is charming; otherwise it is one of the terrible pictures of the year. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE LETTER—Jeanne Eagels in the best serious talking picture to date. (Paramount, B'way at 43; Fri., May 3; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE LOVES OF CASANOVA—Only four or five of the loves, but these are entertaining. A French silent film with scenes in color. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

MADAME X—A relic of big drama revived and renovated with telling effect. All-talking picture, splendidly acted by Ruth Chatterton. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—Romance among those who must work for their living. A leisurely and unexciting, but enjoyable, part-talking picture, with Corinne Griffith. (Strand, B'way at 47; Fri., May 3; performances continuous from noon.)

SHOW BOAT—"Old Man River" seems pretty close to his second childhood in this part-talking, part-singing, and part-silent movie of the Ferber-Ziegfeld opus. (Globe, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson songs well recorded on the Vitaphone. (Strand, B'way at 47; opens Sat., May 4; performances continuous from noon.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—The best all-talking courtroom picture of the season, with Norma Shearer telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Divine Lady," good picturization of the love story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, with Corinne Griffith; "Lady of the Pavements," Lupe Velez in an attractive though silent picture of the Paris of the Second Empire; "The Passion of Joan of Arc," a fine French silent picture of the trial of Joan done with intelligence and beauty.

OPENING OF NOTE

Opened too late for review in this issue:

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Ronald Colman in a talking picture based on the stage play. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

ADVERTISING—The eighth annual exhibition of advertising art. Opens Sat., May 4: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs. Eves. until 9 P.M.

CONTEMPORARY DECORATION—Enormously successful exhibit of American decorative art: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . A home-furnishing project in the modern style by a number of present-day designers: American Designers' Gallery, 145 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Moderns: Derain, Matisse, etc., in a group show for the summer: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

KUHN—Loan collection of serious works by a good painter: Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the best contemporary European and American artists: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

OPPORTUNITY—Young beginners in the last show of the season: Art Center, 5 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SALONS—Yearly show of a selected sort of independents, numbering among them the town's best: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 4.

SELF-PORTRAITS—Thirty-three painters' glorified ideas of themselves: G. R. D. Studio, 58 W. 55. Open 1 to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 4.

SOYER—One of the younger men comes into the big-time field: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 4.

MUSIC

JOHN MCCORMACK—Your last chance to hear him this season. Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43, Sun. Eve., May 5, at 8:15.

JUILLIARD SCHOOL CHAMBER MUSIC—Original compositions by advanced students. Town Hall, Wed. Eve., May 8, at 8:30.

MARIA KURENKO—Soprano, in her only recital this season, and worth the trouble. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 8:30.

ON THE AIR

CISSIE LOFTUS—In her remarkable impersonations: Fri., May 3, at 10 P.M., over WOR.

CABINET—Walter F. Brown, Postmaster-General, will be heard Fri., May 3, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Robert P. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, will speak Sat., May 11, at 7:15 P.M., over WEAF.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., May 4 and 11, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

MUSIC WEEK PROGRAM—Reinald Werrenrath, Louise Homer, Maria Kurenko, Toscha Seidel, and others: Sun., May 5, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—Victor Herbert's "The Idol's Eye," Sun., May 5, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Victor Herbert's "Natoma," Mon., May 6, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

TED LEWIS—And his band; also, Vivienne Segal and Dolores Costello; broadcast from Hollywood: Mon., May 6, at 9:30 P. M., over WOR.

SOUSA'S BAND—Mon., May 6, at 9:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., May 7, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri. through Mon., May 3-6; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tues. through Thurs., May 7-9; Giants vs. Chicago, Fri. and Sat., May 10 and 11; games at Polo Grounds at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden (preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.): Al Singer vs. Ignacio Fernandez, and Johnny Dundee vs. Tony Caragliano, Fri. Eve., May 3; Louis "Kid" Kaplan vs. Billy Wallace, Fri. Eve., May 10.

CREW—Triangular regatta, Yale-Columbia-Pennsylvania, on the Housatonic, at Derby, Conn., Sat., May 4; first race at 5:30 P.M.; varsity at 7 P.M. (Special train leaves Grand Central at 2:45 P.M.) . . . Childs Cup races, Princeton-Columbia-Pennsylvania, on Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N. J., Sat., May 11; first race at 4:30 P.M.; varsity at 6 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Princeton at 1:20, 2:05, and 3:30 P.M.)

RACING—Jamaica Track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

AUCTIONS—Antique American and European furniture, from the collection of Fred W. Ayer: Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 3 and 4, at 2:15, American Art Galleries, Park at 57. . . . The auction of the contents of the Waldorf-Astoria is now being held at the hotel, weekdays starting at 10 A.M. Bedroom and living-room furniture is being sold first; paintings, bronzes, pianos, rugs, etc., will go on sale about May 10.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

MUSIC—Associated Glee Clubs of America, Madison Square Garden, May 24. . . . Outdoor season opens with the Goldman Band, on Central Park Mall, June 10. . . . Stadium Concerts, at Lewisohn Stadium, start July 5.

THEATRE OPENINGS—"Becky Sharp," the Players' Club revival of Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Knickerbocker Theatre, June 3. . . . "Show Girl," a musical comedy based upon J. P. McEvoy's novel, may open during June at the Ziegfeld Theatre.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS—Columbia, June 4; Princeton, June 18; Yale, June 18; Harvard, June 21.

CREW—Yale-Princeton-Cornell, at Ithaca, May 18. . . . Harvard-Pennsylvania-Navy, at Annapolis, May 18. . . . Columbia-Mass. Tech., at New York, May 18. . . . Syracuse-Cornell, at Ithaca, May 25. . . . American Henleys, Philadelphia, June 1. . . . Yale-Harvard, at New London, June 21. . . . Intercollegiate Regatta, at Poughkeepsie, June 24.

GOLF—National Open Championship, Winged Foot Club, Mamaroneck, N. Y., June 27-29.

HORSE SHOWS—West Point Horse Show, June 5 and 6. . . . Tuxedo Park Horse Show, June 7 and 8. . . . Westchester County Horse Show, June 13-15. . . . International, Olympia, London, June 20-29.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club Tournament, Westbury, L. I., June 8-29.

TENNIS—Davis Cup preliminaries, U. S. vs. Canada, at Montreal, May 16-18: the winner will play Japan, at Chevy Chase, Md., May 23-25. . . . National Intercollegiate Championship, Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, June 24. . . . English Championship, Wimbledon, June 24.

TRACK—Intercollegiates, at Philadelphia, May 31 and June 1.

TURF—Jamaica Track, through May 16. . . . Belmont Park, May 17-June 10. . . . Kentucky Derby, May 18. . . . British Derby, Epsom, June 5. . . . Aqueduct, June 11-July 4.

YACHTING—Harlem Yacht Club Regatta, May 30, . . . Invitation Regatta, Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Greenwich, Conn., May 31. . . . American Yacht Club Regatta, June 1. . . . Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Regatta, June 8 . . . New York Yacht Club Regatta, Glen Cove, L. I., June 13 and 14.

NOTE—Decoration Day, May 30, falls on a Thursday.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BECAUSE we're not sure of anything, we vacillate almost hourly between a feeling of envy for businessmen and a feeling of compassion for them. The rigid simplicity of their lives appeals to us, as well as the clear pattern of their minds. Too, they turn up in odd places, hard at work. When we were at the movie of "Show Boat" we noticed that the man next to us was busy reading a book before the picture began. During the performance, he seemed quite overcome with emotion at the singing of "Ol' Man River" and at the Mississippi River scenes. When the inter-

mission came he again took up his book and read assiduously during the ten minutes of grace. When we saw what the title of the book was, we sat quiet as a mouse, not to disturb the sure progress of our national greatness. The book was "How to Think in Business."

THE Mary Ware Dennett case showed how helpless the courts are in dealing with certain matters. Mrs. Dennett was a lady whose integrity and good taste were beyond question, yet she was convicted, in a categorical manner, of selling smut. What Mrs. Dennett sent through the mails was not obscene—every person not an imbecile knows that. The question was not of obscenity but of expediency. The offence, if any, was not criminal but editorial. The jurors shied mainly at one paragraph in the disputed sex pamphlet; they thought it should have been omitted or reworded. We have read the pamphlet and we agree with the jury, in part. But if juries are to wield an editorial pencil over the literature of this country, there should be devised some way

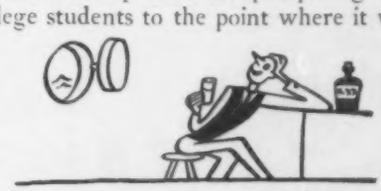
of rendering editorial decisions other than the stupid, bungling, discouraging practice of convicting a lady of high crime simply because, in the opinion of the jury, she overwrites. If it was a question of editing Mrs. Dennett's pamphlet down a point or two for the benefit of the United States mails (which apparently it was), any city editor of any New York newspaper could have done more in three minutes than the absurd courts of this country did in hours of shameful wrangling in the presence of twelve men who were supposed to be pure because they hadn't read H. L. Mencken.

WE cordially invite the Public Health Commissioner to take a look at our shirt drawer. It would set

him thinking, if any. We repaired to our shirt drawer last Tuesday night to get a stiff-bosom for our formal wear, only to discover that the lovely white expanse of the top shirt was hidden beneath what appeared to be a fine alluvial deposit. We particularly wanted the top shirt, because—well, because we always want the top shirt. After consulting with our valet, our cook, and our janitor, we decided to wear the top shirt, cinders and all, as a horrible municipal example. Persons who saw us later in the evening shuddered. "Flannel?" they said.

THERE seems to be no immediate danger of losing the silent movie altogether, for the reason that most country picture houses are not equipped to show talkies. Nevertheless, the brains of the cinema art are being diverted to the new sound method, and many scenarios are being written so they can be screened both with and without sound. We have no doubt of the future of talkies; but we fear for the continued development of silent pictures. The silent film is, to our mind, a beautiful form of artistic expression, utterly distinct from sound pictures. We've yet to be convinced that it doesn't hold vastly greater possibilities for the creative writer and director. The silent screen is the dream world, whose characters are fabulous and universal, whose accompaniment is music, and whose interpretation rests with the imaginative mind of the spectator—each person building into the picture the stuff of his own dreams. All this is changed when the characters talk. It's our hope that certain good minds in the cinema will stick to the original form, now that it has come to be understood, and let who will be noisy.

FROM the looks of things, the steamship lines are pampering college students to the point where it will



shortly endanger our relations with the rest of the world. We sneaked into the Statendam's after quarters the other

night to see what changes had been made in college cabins since our own early transatlantic days. The shock to our nervous system was great. In our barbaric era, a France-bound undergraduate had to pick his way gingerly through the steerage in order to reach a lavatory where he could brush his teeth in salt water; there was a certain rough spirit of pioneering about it. Not so in these degenerate times. Hot running water in the stateroom, he has, the little softy! Eheu! And a private bar with stools and a brass rail!

Confusion

MRS. GEORGE ABBOTT, wife of the playwright, prepared her husband's income-tax return this time, he being in Hollywood. The tax bureau was confused over some items and arranged to send an expert around to her apartment to run over the figures with her—at ten o'clock of a certain morning. In preparation for his coming, Mrs. Abbott arranged all the data on a table under a soft lamp, and set out both cigars and cigarettes. Promptly at ten the bell rang, and she opened it to admit a most disreputable-looking citizen. Reflecting upon the iniquity of political appointments, she ushered him in, hung his hat and coat in a closet, sat him before the data table in an easy chair, and proffered a cigar. Lighting one, the gentleman said, "Ol' clothes." He was, it came out, the old-clothes man, sent up by the woman in the apartment below. Mrs. Abbott was so disturbed she sold him one of her husband's best suits for three dollars.

Big Boy

THE tall, somewhat paunchy, but still erect figure of Jack Johnson may be seen about Broadway these days. He walks proudly. He never forgets his gloves. His step is a little less springy and his face no longer gleams in the ebony and gold splendor which admiring Londoners compared to a "starry night" almost twenty years ago when he was the rage over there. He might pass for thirty-five. He is fifty-one. People along Broadway recognize him, and wonder why and when he came to town. It is different from the day in 1911 when he sailed in on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie with a white valet, a white secretary, a limousine, a touring car, and two racers, boasting of the prodigious amounts of his weekly hotel bills abroad. The once famous champion and notorious bon vivant has fallen on less glamorous days. He is not broke, but he is not affluent. Wealth he never hoarded. The fifty-one hundred dollars he got for boxing Philadelphia Jack O'Brien before the war, for instance, he spent in four days, on dinners, a ring, and an automobile. Now he is eager to sell stories of his life for money. He holds off on his real biography, for which he hopes to get a hundred thousand dollars. "Ah am a deep and colorful personality," he says. He lives in Harlem, gets around to the prizefights, takes in the shows. His plans are uncertain, but he may go into a vaudeville act, as he did some years back, or he may fight some more obscure fights as he has been doing off and on for several years, for small profits, in the West and Southwest. He won a match in 1926, but was knocked out the following year by an unknown named Bearcat Wright (colored) of Omaha, tasting the bitter cup that he himself handed to Fitzsimmons in 1907 and the groggy Jeffries in 1910. He still thinks he could lick Dempsey and that Tunney would be easy.

Some people have the notion that Johnson is still legally banned from America. He gave himself up in 1920, however, and served ten months in Leavenworth for violation of the Mann Act, after evading sentence for seven years, living abroad. He is free to come and go. The churches and the women's clubs, which made his heyday miserable, have forgotten. The suicide of his first white wife and his subsequent marriage to another white woman, chief witness for the state in his trial and conviction, are vague memories. Proof of this was given not long ago, when Johnson was cheered by the clergy at a general conference of the Methodist Church in Kansas City at which he denounced liquor, saying, "To serve God, you must train the mind as well as the soul." His Café de Champion in Chicago was padlocked some years ago.

Johnson enjoys recalling the old times. He loves to talk of his favorite city, Budapest, and of the time at the start of the war when the Germans did not molest several trunks containing his wife's sables. During the war he says he did secret-service work in Spain, at the request of a Major Lang, U. S. A., paying half his expenses. Of his "deeper life" he is proud and sensitive. "Ah am," he says, "a very tendah man." He likes to display his hands and face to show how unscarred they are by battle. There is no mark on his head. His skull was X-rayed in San Francisco eighteen years ago. It took five and a half minutes to get the rays through, as against the customary five to fifteen seconds. The bone was found to be from a half to three-quarters of an inch thick, which is thicker than the skull of an ox. Surgeons said that a blow which would fell a steer would simply jar Mr. Johnson. He doesn't admire Tunney as a man. He enjoys the books of Richard Harding Davis. He has never met Paul Robeson. He is stopping now at 148th Street. Once he lived here in an apartment which was approached by stairs spread with a crimson plush carpet. On rainy days crash towels were put down to protect the plush.

Safety First

IN the aftermath, Mr. Fuller of Massachusetts has turned up himself a victim of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, so we are told by a Washington, D. C., sojourner. The former governor, as a contender for the post of ambassador to France, was so seriously considered that the State Department queried the French government, a customary formality, as to whether he would be persona grata. The French government replied that of course he would be, but that they hesitated to guarantee his safety. That ended that. Mr. Fuller is now thinking about running for the Senate.

Birth-Control Hearing

IT was a strange experience to have the germ of life brought into Magistrate's Court. Yet there it was. Many people came to Mulberry Street to hear life called by name. Doctors, militant ladies, intellectuals, young girls—people who were students of life, or who hated life, or who loved it, or who were afraid of it.

On the bench sat Magistrate Rosenbluth, in black, staring life in the face calmly. In the complainant's row sat Mrs. Anna K. McNamara, frumpish, heavy of body—the policewoman who had gone to a birth-control clinic, told a fib, come away with the means of preventing life, so she could offer it in evidence. A trick. On the court stenographer's desk was what the clinic had given Mrs. McNamara. The air in the courtroom was vitalized, like air above hot pavements in summer. A young lady in the row behind us gazed at the wall, troubled, nervously twisting a little handkerchief into a hard knot. She evidently had come in the hope of learning something, and was afraid. Sex is scary.

The questioning began. The State of New York began to intrude on life, in great gobs. There are things you can tell in the State of New York, there are things you can't. Mum's the word. Doctors took the stand. Answer yes or no, doctor! The hypothetical fertilization of Mrs. Anna K. McNamara; the hypothetical affairs of her unbeautiful body; the lawyer for the defence, showing that it is legal to prevent life to cure disease; the assistant district attorney, showing that the clinic hadn't verified the fact of Mrs. McNamara's being a married woman. In the presence of life the spectators grew increasingly uneasy; at one point of testimony they laughed—they were keyed up. They hated the State of New York, where mum's the word. The courtroom had to be cleared: this was a serious matter, life. Did you, Dr. Pissoort, tell Mrs. McNamara that if she . . . A photographer pulled himself slowly to a window sill, photographed the clothed body of Mrs. Anna K. McNamara. The judge said he would adjourn the case till May 8. The assistant district attorney replaced the contraceptive in its cardboard box. The people wandered out into the street—Margaret Sanger, the nurses, the doctors, the young women, wandered out into Mulberry Street. Life went on.

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OUR favorite character in real life is a young clerk who works in a Boston reference library. Someone in Boston has just sent us a radiogram about him. The point is he keeps filing clips on S.S. Van Dine in the envelope marked "Vessels and Steamships."

Checker Champions

THE wreckers' crowbars are poised above the oak panelling and pargeted ceilings of the building at 309 Park Avenue, disturbing railwaymen at their play—checkers mostly. This is their doomed Y.M.C.A., that curious anomaly set between the Park Lane and the Ambassador. With its passing—to make room for the new Waldorf—will go traditions and the memory of some notable games. Here once Newell Banks, the professional checkerist, defeated twenty-four players simultaneously, and six chess opponents as well, calling out his moves while playing a game of billiards, which he also won. But the railroaders are not so easy to beat as that might indicate. They have their formidable stars, and their hard-fought tournaments. No one wins more often, perhaps, than Theodore Brophy, veteran telegrapher of the Grand Central yards (it is he who signals the news that the train you are

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"Don't give him no sweet, lady."

waiting for is coming in on Track 17). In addition to his Park Avenue activities, Mr. Brophy is also captain of the undefeated Yonkers Chess Team. Many a tight contest has been waged between Charles Ilyius, assistant yardmaster of the Pennsylvania Station, and Martin Brennan, baggage master of the Knickerbocker Limited, who in tournaments usually reach the semi-finals. The winner of their game must often face S. A. Bickford, master mechanic of the Hudson Division of the New York Central, a dangerous man, or Fred Raffter, thoughtful trainman of No. 10 on the New Haven. Each of these players has triumphed over the others at times—except in the case of Raffter and Brennan, who have never met because their schedules bring them into town on alternate evenings.

The domino champion is Brakeman J. Zimmerman, who comes in on the Empire State Express and goes out on the Twentieth Century. Nobody can do anything against him. Recently he was awarded, for eminence at the game, a special button with a green ribbon.

Air-Minded

A FEW months ago the officers of the Seaboard Air Line were astonished by a rise in the company's stock, and for no special reason, since the railroad leads a steady, sound, conservative existence—not flighty. Suspecting a plot by professional manipulators, they hired detectives to ferret out the cause. The report of the investigators was simple and astonishing. Many people were investing their savings in the stock because they thought it had something to do with air transport.

The gentleman who told us about this says that so far the public hasn't had the same idea about the Sixth Avenue (Ride in the Open Air) Elevated but that it may any day, as thousands of amateur investors are eagerly buying stock in anything suggesting aviation. He says further that, of the several hundred aviation companies incorporated to date, only five or six will ever amount to anything and that many people are going to lose a lot of money—and a few wise ones make a lot.

Six O'Clock Mother

ONE of those young ladies from Iowa did her best recently to convince a visiting aunt that all was well with her in the great city. She introduced her to only her staidest friends, took her to the duller tearooms, and to the milder shows. She thought, as the elderly lady left for home, that she had done the whole thing well and successfully. But no. A few days later she got a letter from her mother reading, in part, as follows: "Your Aunt Grace says that you don't have supper until eight o'clock sometimes. What kind of carryings on is that for a decent girl?"

Many Kings

THE New York lady who has undoubtedly met the most kings is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. This was practically clinched at a dinner the other evening when, the subject turning to royalty, those present were able to enumerate more than a score of monarchs she had been presented to. It was twenty-five years ago that she met most of them, on a trip on which she accompanied Commodore Vanderbilt, who went to Europe to interest foreign governments in his railway patents. These, as most everybody knows, total more than a hundred. The trip was made on the North Star, the Commodore's yacht, the finest ever seen in European waters up to that time. It had a crew of a hundred and fifty, an automobile, a cow, chickens, two goats, and three detectives. The cruise was a long one, and the ship visited almost every harbor.

In England, where they first called, Commodore and Mrs. Vanderbilt were presented to the King and, with their two children, were entertained on the royal yacht. Afterward they were guests, on sea or land, of the kings, czars, or kaisers of Italy, Germany, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and enough

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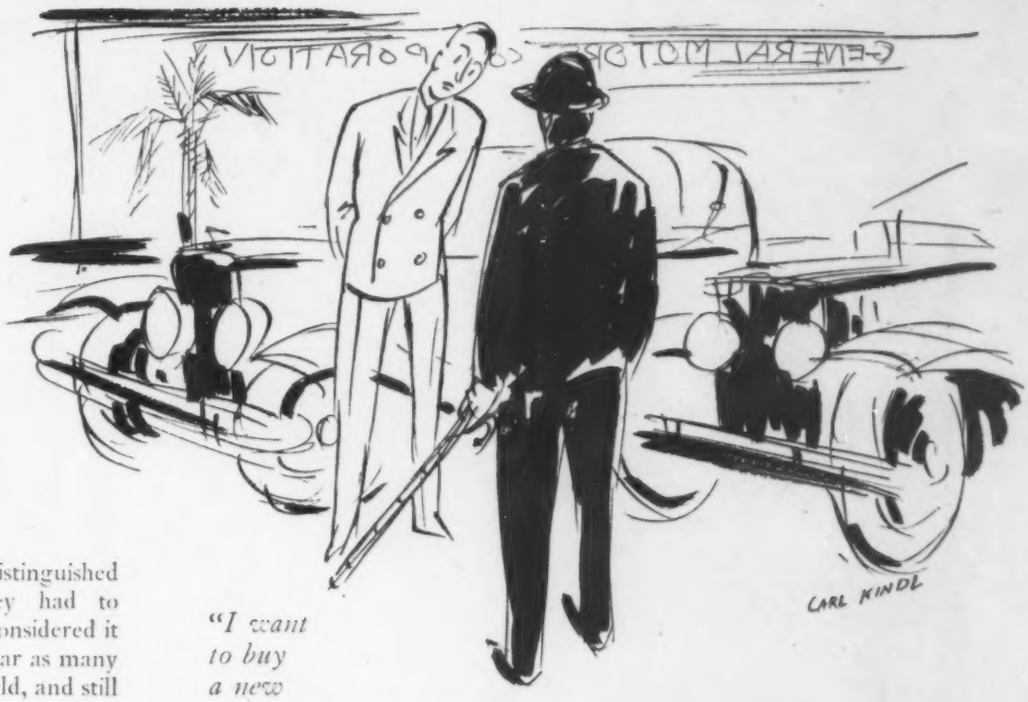
"Let's see. Where was I?"
"At the autobiographical stage,
developing the 'up from the ranks' theme."

Balkan and Middle-European states to bring the total to around twenty.

The grandeur of the North Star was ever impressive to the Europeans, and sometimes it was baffling. It would glide into a harbor where was anchored, say, the yacht of the King of Italy. The private ship would give a twenty-one-gun salute. The royal yacht would reply with two or three shots, whatever was considered proper courtesy for a commoner in this regard. If the King and Queen's men couldn't place the distinguished visiting craft offhand they had to think quick. They usually considered it prudent to give the North Star as many guns as they in propriety could, and still not be silly. The Kaiser replied to the North Star's twenty-one guns with a salute of five. This was leaning over backward for him. It is said to be the handsomest amenity he ever extended an unofficial personage, and the only time he ever saluted one with cannon. One shot always led to another and these led to visits, and a number of monarchs trod the deck of the North Star, which always did things up right as to martial ceremony. When one of the Vanderbilt children left the yacht, for instance, a fife and drum played their special "call," as high officers of the navy have their "music" when they go ashore or come aboard. Once when Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., then a small lad, was taken sick with pneumonia, the Kaiser sent his personal physician aboard the North Star and the Vanderbilts credit him with saving the boy's life.



"I want to buy a new refrigerator—how much will you allow me on my old car?"

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Rude

LAST summer, when hay was ripening in the fields of East Hampton, Long Island, an artist stopped his car in the farmyard of one of the villagers. He got out. His chauffeur got out. (We're relating this as it was told us by a lady who knows the farmer.) They unloaded an easel and things. The artist sat down in the dooryard and began to paint.

It's important, probably, to know that the artist was Childe Hassam, no less. It's also important to know that the farmer, although used to having artists hanging around his picturesque home, was a stern old patriot, a hardy man, fully aware that his home was his castle. He was a direct descendant of a fellow who once made a special trip to the Court of St. James' to protest the whale-oil tax—that kind of rugged stock.

While Childe Hassam painted, the farmer hitched a team. The kitchen door, with its trailing wistaria vine, stood wide open, giving a glimpse of the table all set for noon dinner—the ancient fireplace, the fine old highboy. It was a lovely scene, perfect. When the team was hitched, the farmer went toward the door, started to close it.

"Don't close that door!" roared the artist.

The farmer looked around, quietly.

"Guess I will shut my door," he replied. And he did.

Childe Hassam now has a very interesting but unfinished sketch of a farmhouse, showing an open door. The farmer—and the farmer's dog—never let him come back to complete it.

Lost Star

AND now we learn that, back in the days when he was just an everyday aviator with an idea of a transatlantic flight but vaguely in mind, Colonel Lindbergh escaped only by a narrow chance the kind of commercialization he now spends much time avoiding. It appears that in his later stunt-flying days he was approached by the Pathé motion-picture people, who offered him a part in a picture they were planning, a feature based on adventures in the air service. The flier considered this seriously and finally offered his services on the basis that the company would pay him a salary, give him an advance of five thousand dollars, and not require him to do any kissing or love-making. The five-thousand-dollar advance blocked negotiations. Lindbergh would not yield on this and the Pathé people decided not to pay it. Half a year later, and for subsequent months and months thereafter, they say, Pathé executives could be seen from time to time, sitting in dark corners, chewing at pencil stubs, and disconsolately calculating just what profits might have been.

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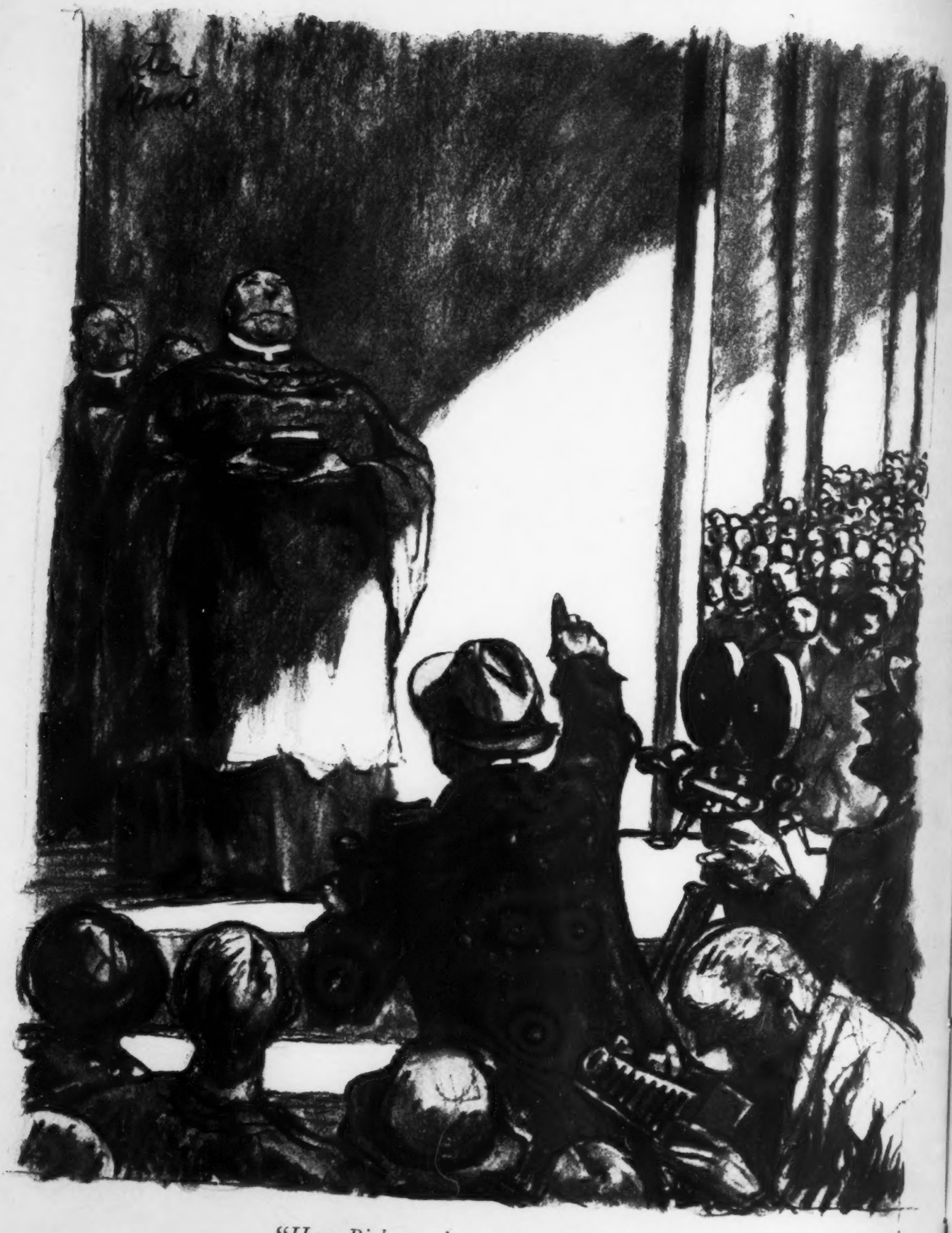
THE LIQUOR MARKET: Prices firm after Jones Law scare but supply good and downward market expected. Gins, domestic $30 @ $35; imported $65 @ $70. Large offerings of Gilbey's. Booth's House of Lords scarce, sold as high as $100. Whiskeys, Peter Dawson, and Teacher's Highland Cream, imported $75 @ $80. Best available last week, Vat 69, low $90, high $110. Cut, domestic label, $50 @ $55. Liqueurs well supported at $90. Wines weak.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Hey, Bishop, give us the old smile."

THE MABELMAN,

OR A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DRY AGENT

HE arises at seven in the morning and makes the usual obeisance before the picture of Mabel Willebrandt standing on his dresser. Then, in his stocking feet, he sneaks quietly into his children's room and hides behind a curtain. The children come in to perform their matutinal ablutions (that means wash their faces). They fail to wash behind the ears. At this their father springs from behind the curtain with a glad, gloating cry. He has been waiting for a long time to get something like this on the children. He confronts them with their guilt and threatens to expose them to their mother.

The oldest child, a boy, is constituted spokesman for the terrified group. He admits to the parent that they are caught red-handed. They had, indeed, not attended to the ears. But he suggests that the father need not be hasty about telling the mother on them. Perhaps they and the father can get together and talk business. What do they mean, talk business, inquires the father, innocently. The son suggests that they come to some terms. The father wants to know what terms. He shuts the door, after looking cautiously down the hall to see if the mother is around.

Well, says the boy, will the father keep his mouth shut if the children give him fifty cents? The father rubs his chin reflectively. No, that is not enough. Then how about seventy-five? Well, the old man doesn't know about seventy-five. How much money have the children got? The children pool their lunch money, carfare, penny savings, etc., and find they have two dollars and twenty-four cents. The father thinks things over for a minute and then tells them that he will promise not to inform on them if they give him the two dollars and twenty-four cents and also the oldest boy's nickel watch which he got for winning something in the grammar-school track meet. It is agreed. Some of the younger children cry when they have to give up their pennies. The father takes the loot and promises to say nothing to their mother about the matter of the ears. He then slips out, gets downstairs before the children and tells the mother everything.

THE children are packed off to school, finally. The dry agent is eating his breakfast, chuckling over the prank he played on his progeny. His wife asks him to hurry up; she wants to do the dishes and get things cleaned up so she can get to work on her dandelion wine. What dandelion wine, her husband wants to know. She tells him she is trying her hand at some dandelion wine to have in case one of the neighbors comes in. Her husband tells her that making dandelion wine is a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment. He is sorry, but he'll have to arrest her. He clamps the handcuffs on her. She asks him if he'll let her go if she gives him the egg money she has been saving up to buy a new pair of shoes. He does let her go finally, under an agreement whereby he is to get the egg money and also half the proceeds of any dandelion wine she may sell. He suggests she might try finding a market for it.

At eight o'clock the mabelman declares he must hurry and get downtown to be at court on time. His wife wants to know why he has to be at court. He explains that he is testifying against his grandmother who is being held under the Jones Act for putting sherry in mock turtle soup. Public nuisance is the charge.

SHORTLY after eight he is briskly on his way to the subway and stops at the corner newsstand to buy a paper. A blind newsdealer owns the stand, so the dry agent takes two papers, telling the blind man he has taken one. In payment for the papers he gives the blind man three bad pennies, and while so doing, he succeeds in extracting a quarter from the blind man's cup. He rubs his hands gleefully. It looks as if it would be a highly satisfactory, fruitful day.

He opens one of the papers and sees Helen Morgan's picture. Miss Morgan has been freed, with the congratulations of the jury. This is a fine way to start a man's day. What is the country coming to, anyhow? Anarchy, that's what it's coming to. He was hoping Helen would get at least five years. He flies into a rage, throws both papers to the ground, stamps on them and then has to go all the way back to the newsstand to slip a new paper out of the blind man's stock.

He stops at a speakeasy, run by a friend of his. He wants to see if the law is being observed. He takes a drink, in order to assure himself that no liquor is being served. He pays for the drink with a dollar and gets twenty-one dollars change.

AT ten sharp the mabelman is in court, ready to testify in the case of his dear old grandmother. She is eighty, but spry. He swears that she committed the offense of putting sherry in mock turtle soup, but under cross-examination he admits that he didn't see her do it, never heard of her doing it, didn't know that one ever put sherry in mock turtle soup, never had any mock turtle soup and wouldn't know what mock turtle soup looked like. He protests that he loves his grandmother very much; she brought him up and has always been kind to him, but he says he wants to see the law enforced.

The jury acquits the grandmother of the mock turtle soup charge but asks her if she doesn't think she ought to get five years at hard labor for having such a grandson. She thinks things over and confesses finally that she ought to get ten.

After testifying against his grandmother, the mabelman has to go to his office and he spends from eleven o'clock until two making out the swindle sheet, or expense account for an investigation of night clubs he recently helped conduct.

At two he goes out to lunch and has just started to eat when he suddenly remembers that he forgot to include in the expense account the four hundred and fifty dollars he spent for roses sent to various night-club hostesses to disarm their suspicions and

ingratiate himself with them. He hastens back to the office, retrieves the expense account from the auditor and adds this item: Roses sent to hostesses —eight hundred dollars. Going out the door he suddenly has another idea. Muttering "Oh, what the hell, Mabel'll never know," he again tackles the expense account and changes the eight hundred dollars for roses to one thousand dollars for roses and carnations. He lets it go at that.

On the way uptown, passing a public school, he sees two little boys who are obviously playing hookey. He runs in quickly and tells the teacher on them.

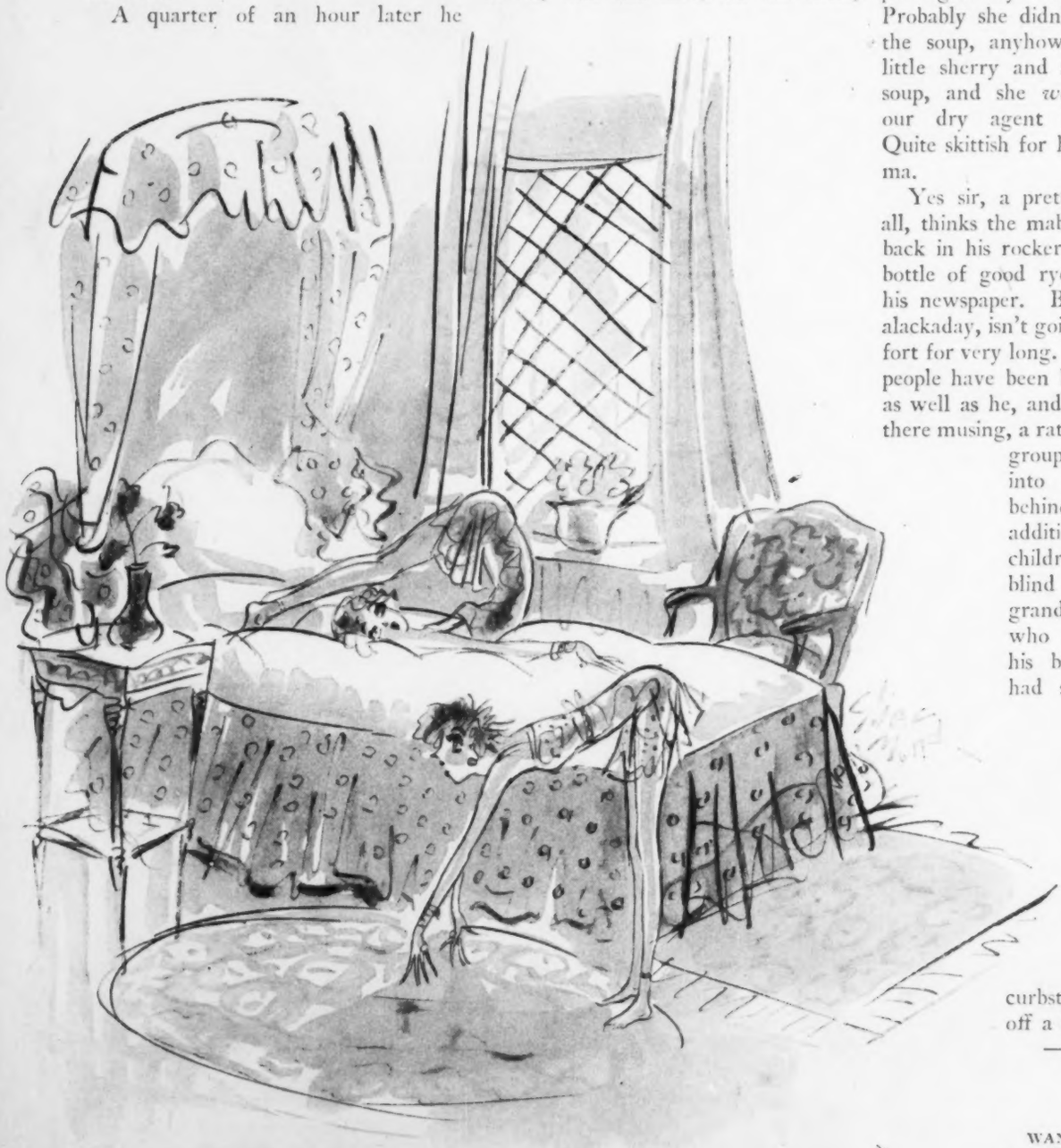
A quarter of an hour later he comes upon a house that looks suspicious. It is a brownstone front in the West Forties, and from the basement door men keep reeling forth. Our mabelman tells himself that he bets his bottom dollar that place is a speakeasy. He gets into the place by representing himself as a reporter for the *Evening Telegram* working on a big booze exposé. He tells the doorman he wants some samples of the place's liquor, in order to have them tested. The doorman says certainly, and tells him to come right in.

To his great joy, the dry agent discovers that the proprietor of the place is an old and very dear boyhood friend of his, who had saved his life twice, once from drowning and once when a mad dog attacked them. They haven't seen each other in years; had lost complete track of each other. They certainly are glad to see each other. They have quite a reunion, with a lot of drinks, following which the dry agent places his old chum under arrest for violating the Volstead Act.

OUR agent goes home to supper in fine fettle. He feels good. It has been a thoroughly gratifying day. It would have been perfect if only Helen Morgan hadn't been acquitted. Still, they did give dear old grandmother ten years, even if it wasn't for putting sherry in the mock turtle soup. Probably she didn't put the sherry in the soup, anyhow. But give her a little sherry and a little mock turtle soup, and she *would* mix the two, our dry agent is willing to bet. Quite skittish for her age, that grandma.

Yes sir, a pretty good day, all in all, thinks the mabelman, as he settles back in his rocker with a glass and a bottle of good rye on the table, and his newspaper. But the poor fellow, alackaday, isn't going to enjoy his comfort for very long. It seems that other people have been busy during the day as well as he, and suddenly, as he sits there musing, a rather nondescript little group creeps stealthily into the room and up behind his chair. In addition to his wife and children, there are the blind newsman, his grandmother, his pal who ran a speakeasy, his boyhood chum who had saved his life, and the two schoolboys on whom he had informed. They descend on him suddenly, bind and gag him, take him over to the East River, weight him with a fairish section of curbstone and shove him off a dock.

—FRANK SULLIVAN



"Of course, I wouldn't want to get terribly *muscular."*

•

WANTED—teacher in jesso.—*Southeast Portland (Ore.) Index.*

Well, jesso minute.

THE FUNNY MAN

IT is not necessary to give examples of that talent which made Mr. Teazy's reputation about town as a wit, since they are just such quips as you hear in fashionable gatherings every day and read every morning in the newspaper columns, those brisk jests concerning the traffic situation, the equestrianism of the Prince of Wales, prohibition, mothers-in-law, and the like. But a mystery has always overshadowed the one unfortunate experience in Mr. Teazy's career, which should now be dispelled. We have reference, of course, to his divorce.

Cecily Teazy had been an envied woman. To go through life in such gusts of laughter as she must, being married to the funniest man in town, was a tremendous privilege. Certainly from their first meeting Cecily had shown herself appreciative of his ability.

"I first had to do an errand for papa, and then I had to run down to Tappé's for mamma, and I am all tired out, and only a drudge anyway," she had said on that occasion.

"Why don't you open a drudge store?" he had wisecracked at once. They had both roared with laughter, and had been married the following June.

Inevitably they were the most popular young married couple in town. They were invited everywhere, and their little apartment was the rendezvous of a conspicuously bright-minded group. At every event of any note they were present, the centre of a hilarious circle. Mr. Teazy could be seen at any gala affair, surging through the crowds, always roaring with laughter, throwing his quips right and left over his shoulders, his exuberance permeating the throng. As time went on, he grew expert in ignoring presumptuous pretenders who dared venture little witticisms of their own, ignoring them, yet grasping any ideas that might later be adapted to his own use.

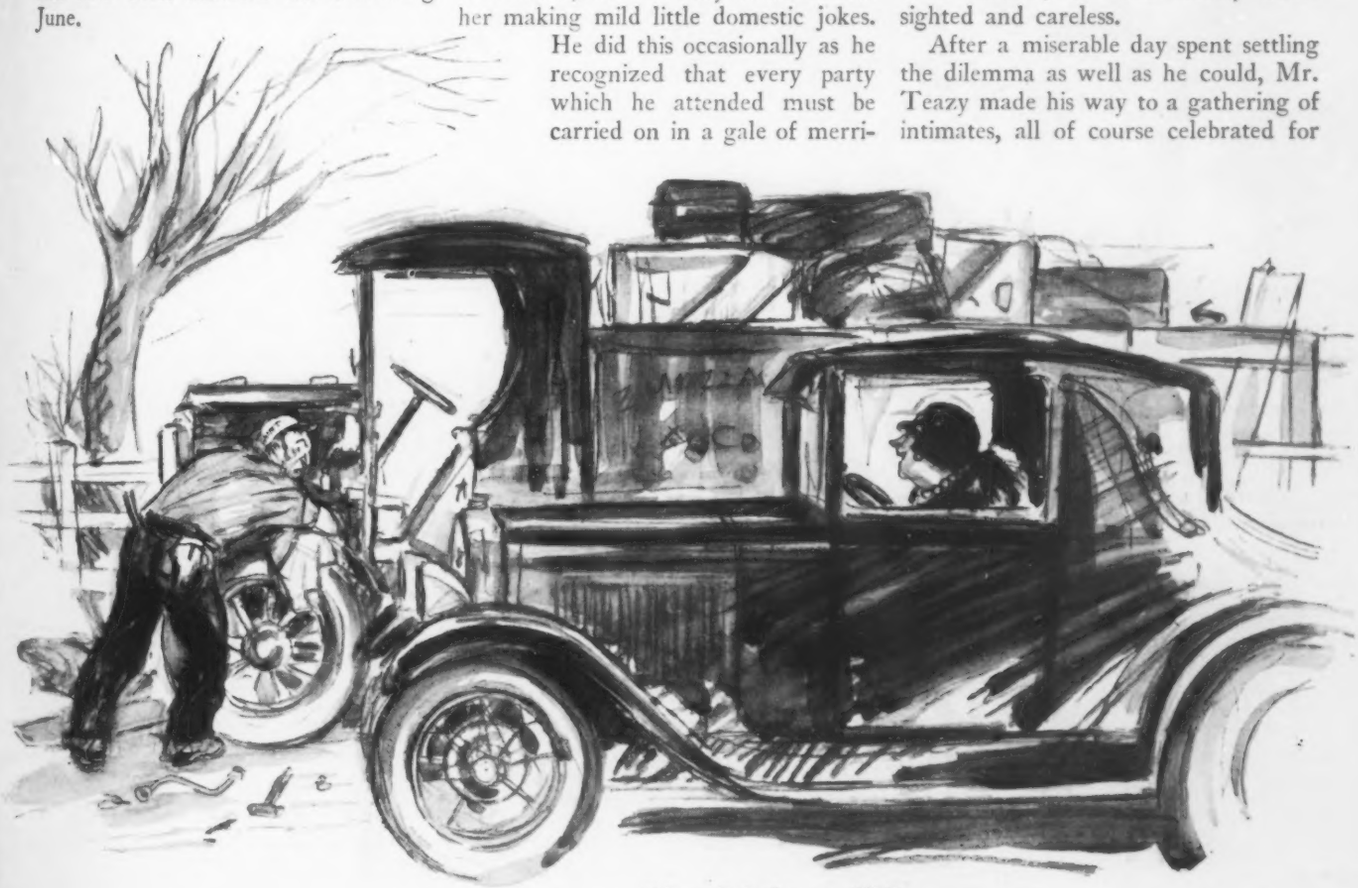
BUSY as he was with being funny during this most brilliant period of his life, Mr. Teazy was always considerate of his wife. He liked her to be with him wherever he went, and was aware that in some way parties and dinners were more successful when she was present. She had a superb instinct for the correct moment to laugh, which was a credit to any wife, and proved that she was worthy of the position that she held.

If it sometimes grew exhausting to be brilliant, he could stay at home with her making mild little domestic jokes. He did this occasionally as he recognized that every party which he attended must be carried on in a gale of merriment, and the responsibility was wearing. He had a keen consciousness of his obligations to society, even avoiding prominent places when he felt a little down and out, selecting out-of-the-way spots for a stroll where only obscure people might observe his less glorified moments.

It was doubtless during one of these periods of comparative lassitude that the untoward event happened which was to cast the first shaft of gloom across this jubilant existence. It introduced for one thing a new and rather too sharp cynicism in his attitude on women, which was not as popular as his former treatment of the sex had been. It must also be said that never after his divorce, which followed shortly, did he ever seem as sure of applause as he had been formerly.

IT was that affair of his mother-in-law which got in the newspapers. She had been living in Dubuque, and had come on to visit her daughter. She was an active old lady, and on the second day of her stay she was driving her roadster down the Grand Concourse when she knocked over a traffic cop. In the ensuing excitement she was arrested for being drunk and disorderly, both of which accusations were untrue; she was merely nearsighted and careless.

After a miserable day spent settling the dilemma as well as he could, Mr. Teazy made his way to a gathering of intimates, all of course celebrated for



"Can I help at all?"

their high spirits. At the sight of him there was a sudden silence, then a wild roof-shattering burst of laughter. Amazed, he stared at them a moment before he turned, pale and speechless with anger, and left the room.

Cecily was awaiting him at home. Her mother was in bed, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, demanding that Mr. Whalen make her a personal apology. Mr. Teazy led his wife into their bedroom, and bitterly told her what had just happened to him when he met his friends. It was then that she made that remark which was so to amaze him and was certainly the beginning of that unfortunate ill-feeling which finally made them legally "incompatible."

"Of course it *is* funny," she murmured after some reference again to her mother's catastrophe.

"Funny?" he cried furiously, "what's funny about it?"

"Darling," she said, "haven't you any humor at all?"

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

• •

OF ALL THINGS

ANYHOW the New Tammany stayed that way as long as a new car.

•

The deadly citrus fly has made its appearance in Florida, but it is a comfort to know that no matter what happens the orange-drink industry will not be affected one way or the other.

•

New Jersey objects to New York City's plan to get water out of the Delaware River. All right, we'll give up drinking water but nobody can say we didn't try.

•

To correct a popular misunderstanding—the special session of Congress was called to find out why or if somebody threw a bottle at Senator Heflin.

•

A sixteen-cylinder automobile is soon to appear in Detroit. It is a nice long car suitable for Sinclair jurors.

•

With the conviction of Mary Ware Dennett, Brooklyn becomes a strong contender with Boston for the cellar championship of the rational league.

•

It is only an hour and three-quarters by the new air line between Boston and New York. To literate Bostonians: hop over here and curl up with a good book. —*Adv.*

•

The Explorers' Club in Cathedral Parkway has made a rule barring women from the clubhouse. It was felt that those bleak northern latitudes are no place for a delicate white lady.

•

Experiments in Cleveland show that electricity is the cause of life. So it seems we are nothing but a lot of current events.

•

William A. Clark, 3rd, thinks he left sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewels in a taxicab. There now remains no sphere of women's activities that men have not invaded.

•

The prosecutor in the Helen Morgan case announced that the government is tottering. It appears that it got that way from drinking so much evidence.

•

The new ten-thousand-dollar bills will contain pictures of Chase. Any of the customers who are not bankers or bootleggers can find out how the old gentleman looked by consulting a history book.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

TOMBSTONES IN THE STARLIGHT

THE MINOR POET

His little trills and chirpings were his best.
No music like the nightingale's was born
Within his throat; but he, too, laid his breast
Upon a thorn.

THE PRETTY LADY

She hated bleak and wintry things alone;
All that was warm and fleet, she loved so well—
A light, a flame, a heart against her own. . . .
It is forever bitter cold in Hell.

THE VERY RICH MAN

He'd have the best, and that was none too good;
No barriers could hold before his terms.
He lies below, correct in cypress wood,
And entertains the most exclusive worms.

THE FISHERWOMAN

The man she had was kind and clean
And well enough for every day.
But, oh, dear friends, you should have seen
The one that got away!

THE CRUSADER

Arrived in Heaven, when his sands were run,
He seized a golden quill, and wrote to tell
The local press that something should be done
About that noisy nuisance, Gabriel.

THE ACTRESS

Her name, cut clear upon this marble cross,
Shines as it shone when she was yet on earth;
While tenderly the mild, agreeable moss
Obscures the figures of her date of birth.

—DOROTHY PARKER

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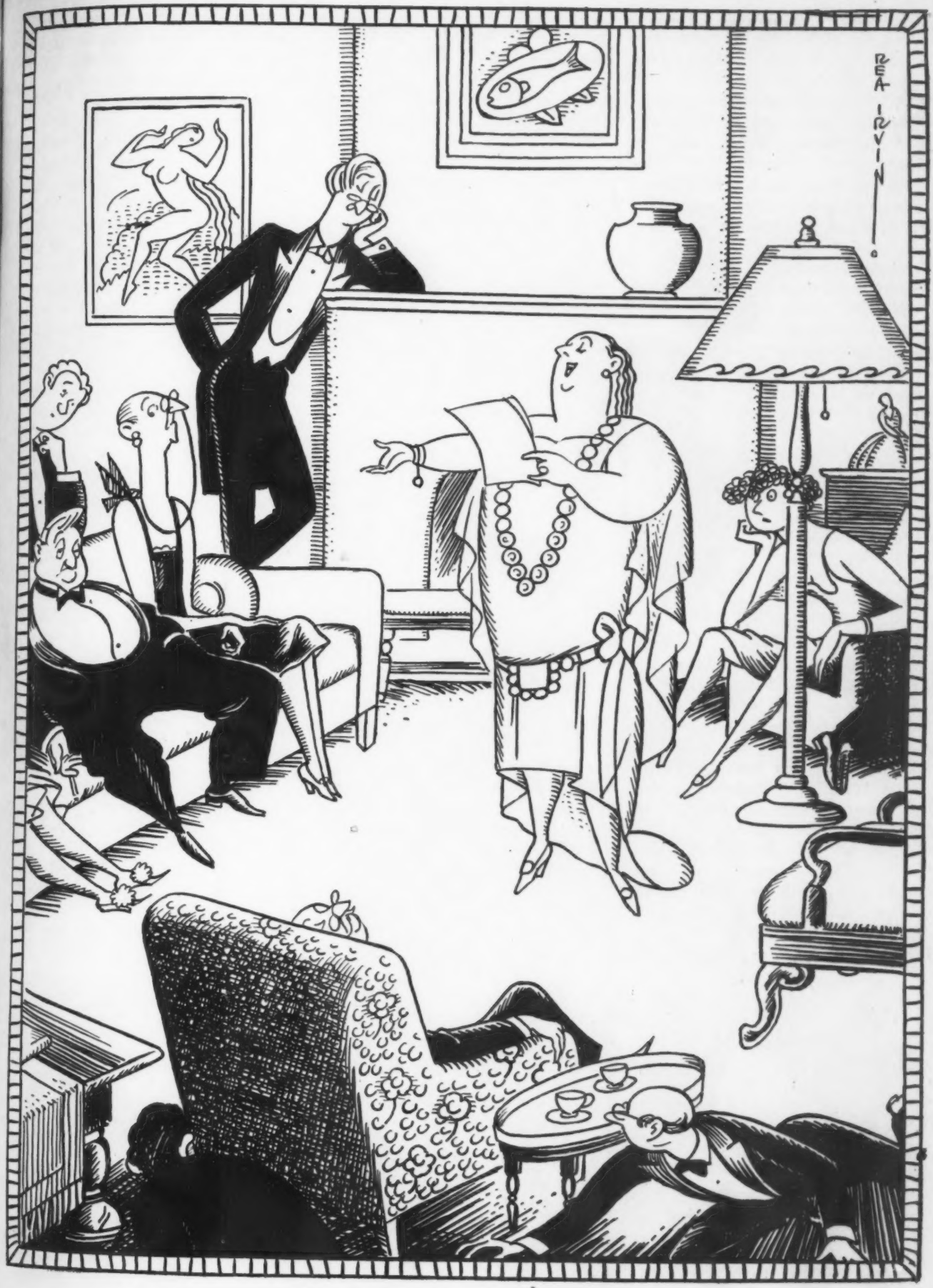

PASTIMES OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA

The Reading

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

CIGARETTE PICTURES

"SAY, can you come in tonight and bring your cigarette pictures? My father wants to look at them."

The speaker is the boy next door. He is speaking to me, forty years ago, over in Brooklyn. Ours is a cobblestone street, with horsecar tracks. There is a gas lamp at the curb. Across the street is a great vacant lot, where we play farmer, pulling up ragweed for crops. Two blocks up there is a sumac jungle, glorious in autumn. The milkman cries, "Wooooo—upp," when he comes in the morning. The butcher's clerk drives up in a two-wheeled, one-horse cart, the meat wrapped in brown "butcher's paper." When anybody "has the doctor," the medical man arrives in a smart coupé, with a negro or an Irish coachman. The honeycomb man plods by at intervals, the honey in a large china platter which he carries on his head. The policeman is fat, and wears a big blue helmet. A little old woman cries, "Horserad—eesh," very shrilly. An old man mumbles, "Broomps, nice broomps," and occasionally sells one. A fire-engine clatters over the cobbles, shedding sparks in the dusk. The tinkle of bells on the carhorses is soft, in a minor key. Yet horses wear no bells at all of a Sunday, since, by ordinance, no workday sounds may shatter Brooklyn's Sabbath peace.

IN this setting, forty years ago, I made my collection of cigarette pictures. To an old boy, it seems grotesquely superfluous to explain what cigarette pictures were. For those who never knew them, it may be said that cigarette pictures were the colored cards given with each box of Virginia Brights, Dukes, Sweet Caporal, Old Judge, or any other of the numerous brands of ten-for-five-cent paper smokes on the market in the late eighties.

Much moral hullabaloo was raised at the time over cigarette pictures, lest they tempt the small boy to smoke, and not without reason, but no boys of my own acquaintance ever bought cigarettes for the pictures; and as for me, I never had money enough to make me an object of interest to a tobacconist. Yet I collected literally thousands of cigarette pictures.

MY cigarette-picture memory is in good working order, but it would be impossible to give a complete list of the "series" which were issued in the eighties for the various brands of cigarettes. How a boy who did not smoke, and whose father did not smoke, and who had no older brother who might have smoked, managed to get full sets of flags of all nations, state flags, city flags, coats-of-arms, weapons of all nations, wild flowers, fish, song birds, game birds, race horses, prize chickens, smokers of all nations, fruits, world's dudes, athletes, yacht clubs, pool and billiard stars, actors and actresses, dancers of all nations, Indians, editors, warships, soldiers, ball players, and wild animals, is now an abysmal mystery. My father brought many of them from the office. Smokers among the clerks saved them for him, and for me. Then, on Saturdays and after school, boys traded cigarette pictures, just as we traded stamps. And we "shot" cigarette pictures, a game which found small favor with me because shooting a picture, marble fashion, frayed the edges and usually ruined it. The corner grocer, with whom my mother traded, gave up a cigarette picture now and then, pilfering it from a fresh pack, but that would not account for many—scores perhaps, but not hundreds. Where the bulk of them came from, boyhood alone knows.

The corner-grocer method of adding to one's collection will give a sidelight on the retail cigarette business of those days. The grocer had one case for penny candy; another for

cheap cigars and packs of cigarettes. Sometimes, on days when my nerve was working well, I would walk in and say:

"Got any cigarette pictures, Charlie?"

Charlie Walter (Walter Bros., Teas, Coffees, and Spices) would wink at me and open the cigar-case. If his search failed to reveal a loose picture, he would open a fresh pack, breaking the revenue stamp right across De Witt Clinton's face, and give me the actor, the soldier, or the flag of all nations which it contained. That pack was a decidedly retail proposition afterward. The seal broken and the picture gone, the contents of the box were sold at the rate of two cigarettes for a cent. Five cents a pack was the common price, ten in a box.

CIGARETTE pictures usually came in sets of fifty, a full catalogue of names printed on the reverse of each. They were admirably done in at least four colors; sometimes, as in the case of flags, with gold or silver ink added.

In the eighties, Indian chiefs were likely to be news at any moment. The Apaches and the Sioux were still obstreperous, and General Nelson A. Miles was still an Indian fighter. Every name on an Indian cigarette picture—Chief Joseph, Red Cloud, Geronimo—meant something very real. It was the day of the Wild West nickel novel. Cigarettes with Indians enclosed were good sellers. There were no newsreels, no roto sections, no picture newspapers. A good cigarette picture was no mere plaything for a boy. It was life. No wonder Mr. Munson, next door, would pore over my scrapbooks of a winter evening, using his reading glass under the parlor lamp while the Baltimore heater burned red below the mantelpiece.

And the "World's Dudes"! The term is now obsolete. Yet, in the eighties, comic papers, *Puck* and *Judge*, were full of dudes, with pointed patent leathers, short topcoats, wide-checked trousers, bulbous walking-sticks, all the extremes of style. The dudes in the cigarette set had, for the most part, geographical labels. Black and white reproductions cannot do justice to these gorgeous absurdities. There was "Fifth Avenue," in a gray top hat and a brown cutaway. "Hoffman House," standing before a bar with a towel suspended from the brass rail. "Bowery," a tough boy with a—yes, even then—a brown derby. And, of course, "English Tourist," "Bathing," "Yachting," "Billiards," "Tenor," "Russian," "Rowing," "Stock Broker," "Tennis," and several dozen more.

One of the most delightful sets was "Musical Instruments." Of these my set is practically complete. In each picture is a fashion-plate of the eighties, which might have come out of *Harper's Bazar;* a lady most modestly attired and blowing, tooting, drumming, strumming, or doing whatever one did to the instrument she played. Not a bare arm; elbow-length gloves, even while fingering a clarinet, tight waists buttoned up to a high collar; only the flesh of the face showing. And among them a lady saxophonist! (Saxophones are not as recent as perhaps you thought.)

"Mister, with your inside knowledge, do you recommend Juicy Fruit?"

TO many a boy, back in the eighties, the pictures given with Old Judge cigarettes were the most fascinating. Birds, dudes, soldiers, flags of all nations were well enough, but miniature photographs of leading ball players in all the leagues, even the Western Association, were far and away the best. There has never been anything like the Old Judge ball players. Each was a photograph, full-length, cigarette-box size. Each season a new set was taken, in all big-league towns, so that the teams were up-to-date.

Somebody in the Old Judge shop kept a close eye on midseason trades. I remember a picture of Billy Sunday—yes, the evangelist. He started out one season in centre field for Chicago. The picture showed him, bat in hand, standing before a home-plate that looked suspiciously like a newspaper thrown on the studio floor. He had the dark suit and white stockings of the Chicagos, but across his shirt was the word, "Pittsburgh," very clumsily lettered. Some time after the teams had all been photographed, Sunday had been sold or traded. Some handy man, not a very expert engraver, had filled in with metal the "Chicago" on William's uniform and with a sharp tool cut, none too deftly, the word "Pittsburgh" in its place. All that season, at least for Old Judge boys, Billy Sunday played for Pittsburgh in a Chicago suit,

which shows how Old Judge watched over us, and kept the record straight.

THE first illustrated tobacco I ever saw brought a ball player to my notice, but it was chewing tobacco, not smoking. The name of it was Gold Coin. With each generous portion was given a colored picture of a ball player, an actor, a jockey, or a New York police captain. Ball players were in the majority, naturally. I do not know what brand my Uncle Joseph had previously chewed, but when I discovered that pictures came with Gold Coin, he obligingly shifted. I kept watch on his tobacco box, reporting when it got low.

There were limitations and absurdities about Gold Coin ball players, however, which even a small boy could detect and resent. The pictures were of the stencil variety; nine stencils to a team. Colors of stockings and uniforms differed, but attitudes were identical. One cut, with change of ink, would do for all the first basemen in the National League and the American Association. No matter if it were Connor, first base, New York, or Anson, first base, Chicago, or Farrar (Geraldine's papa), first base, Philadelphia, or Phillips, first base, Brooklyn, the player's position was the same. Legs far apart, one foot on the bag, arms outstretched, waiting for a throw.

All Gold Coin second basemen were shown with one hand down, planting the ball on a base-runner who wasn't there, the other hand upraised, asking judgment of an absent umpire. All shortstops squatted. All third basemen hunched, resting their hands on their knees. Left fielders were catching the ball over their shoulders. Centre fielders were face front, looking up at a descending fly and cupping their hands. Right fielders stood jauntily at ease. Nobody wore a glove.

THE earliest baseball cigarette pictures I recall bore the date 1887; and I remember no series after 1889. Unlike the Gold Coin series, they were all studio photographs, full-length, those of '89 much better than the '87 set. Yet none of them was from an instantaneous photograph, taken on the ball field, for such photography was unknown. Catchers stared at the camera, with a garden "drop" behind them. Base-runners slid to make-believe bases over grass mats. A batsman looked savagely at a ball hung on a string, not always invisible. The Brooklyns were photographed one year with a corner of the bleachers showing; phony bleachers and gray grass. The Chicagos all had the same canvas "drop," a picture of a fence with buildings painted above it. If you returned a certain number of small pictures, Old Judge would send you, postpaid, a photo of your favorite player, cabinet size. Being a Brooklynite and loyal, I cherished a big picture of Clark and Hughes, Brooklyn, the latter sliding to base on a rug, the former touching him with the

ball, and both looking hard at the camera.

AND now the Sweet Caporal soldiers! When the Washington Centennial was celebrated in 1889, my father took me that morning to the stand provided for employees of the New York Life Insurance Company, at Broadway and Leonard Street. There we sat, hour after hour, and saw passing regiments from all over the country. There were thrills every few minutes, for a boy, but thanks to the Sweet Caporal cigarette pictures, my thrills were particularly ecstatic. I knew what uniforms to expect. When, for instance, the Pensacola Rifles, Florida National Guard, came marching by in light blue uniforms, with white plumes on their shakos, they but confirmed my scrapbook. For a year or two, I had possessed the Pensacola Rifles in blue and a white plume. Also, the Richmond Grays, the Montgomery (Alabama) Guards, the City Troop of Philadelphia, the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, the Silver State Rifles of Denver, and National Guard regiments from most of the states of the Union. That day, when every state sent its citizen soldiery to Broadway, was to me a pageant of cigarette pictures, come gloriously to life.

The Sweet Caporal cigarette makers announced on the back of each card—I have one before me now:

This is the most complete and correct collection of military and naval uniforms throughout the world. Regiments forwarding colored sketches will be included as rapidly as possible.

The uniforms comprised everything from the sparse feathers of "Zulu Chief, Natal, South Africa"—who probably did not forward a colored sketch—to the bearskin topper of "Private, Old Guard, N. Y. S. M." Most of the English uniforms bore the date 1879. French, Italian, Austrian, and Spanish included many dated 1853. I don't know why. They were accurately colored and well printed, and anyone having a full set of them now has something of value, at least to a costume designer. The ranks of mine are thinning. I don't suppose I have left more than two or three hundred of that paper army of forty years ago.

Especially interesting today are the uniforms of the United States Regulars. They are all dated 1886. Boys in blue they are, and of the spiked-helmet period. Horsehair plumes, red, white, and yellow, adorn many of the stately officers. And such whiskers! Even the non-coms in this respect are gorgeous. Especially one whose label is "Sergeant-Major, Cavalry, U. S. A. 1886." The regular-army uniforms in the Sweet Caporal collection went the whole way from Lieutenant-General (a good portrait of Phil Sheridan) down to a dignified private of infantry. All these, somehow or other, have survived the passing years, and are in a box beside me as I write.

Their colors are as bright and their edges as crisp as when my father brought them home from the office, or Charlie, the grocer, broke a revenue stamp. —ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

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INVOCATION

O Thou
All loveliness!

Bid all we have of fear
To fear no more:

And urge all hope
That it may hope for all:

And tell all love
That all it loves is lovely.

—JAMES STEPHENS

OUR OWN MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

WHICH—The relative pronoun "which" can cause more trouble than any other word, if recklessly used. Foolhardy persons sometimes get lost in which-clauses and are never heard of again. My distinguished contemporary, Fowler, in his notable "Dictionary of Modern English Usage," cites several tragic cases, of which the following is one: "It was rumoured that Beaconsfield intended opening the Conference with a speech in French, his pronunciation of which language leaving everything to be desired . . . " That's as much as Mr. Fowler quotes because, at his age, he was afraid to go any farther. The young man who originally got into that sentence was never found. His fate, however, was not as terrible as that of another adventurer who became involved in a remarkable which-mire. Fowler has followed his devious course as far as he safely could on foot: "Surely what applies to games should also apply to racing, the leaders of which being the very people from whom an example might well be looked for . . . " Not even Henry James could have successfully emerged from a sentence with "which," "whom," and "being" in it. The safest way to avoid such things is to follow in the path of the American author, Ernest Hemingway. In his youth he was trapped in a which-clause one time and barely escaped with his mind. He was going along on solid ground until he got into this: "It was the one thing of which, being very much afraid—for whom has not been warned to fear such things—he . . . " Being a young and powerfully built man, Hemingway was able to fight his way back to where he had started, and begin again. This time he skirted the treacherous morass in this way: "He was afraid of one thing. This was the one thing. He had been warned to fear such things. Everybody has been warned to fear such things." Today Hemingway is alive and well, and many happy writers are following along the trail he blazed.

WHAT most people don't realize is that one "which" leads to another. Trying to cross a paragraph by leaping from "which" to "which" is like Eliza crossing the ice. The danger is in missing a "which" and falling in. A case in point is this: "He went up to a pew which was in the gallery, which brought him under a colored window which he loved and always quieted his spirit." The writer, worn out, missed the last "which"—the one that should come just before "always" in that sentence. But supposing he had got it in! We would have: "He went up to a pew which was in the gallery, which brought him under a colored window which he loved and which always quieted his spirit." Your inveterate whicher in this way gives the effect of tweeting like a bird or walking with a crutch, and is not welcome in the best company.

It is well to remember that one "which" leads to two and that two "whiches" multiply like rabbits. You should never start out with the idea that you can get by with one "which." Suddenly they are all around you. Take a sentence like this: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or perish." On a hot night, or after a hard day's work, a man often lets himself get by with a monstrosity like that, but suppose he dictates that sentence bright and early in the morning. It comes to him typed out by his stenographer and he instantly senses that something is the matter with it. He tries to reconstruct the sentence, still clinging to the "which," and gets something like this: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or which, failing to solve, we must perish on account of." He goes to the water-cooler, gets a drink, sharpens his pencil, and grimly tries again. "It imposes a problem which we either solve or which we don't solve and . . . " He begins once more: "It imposes a problem which we either solve, or which we do not solve, and from which . . ." The more times he does it the more "whiches" he gets. The way out is simple: "We must either solve this problem, or perish." Never monkey with "which." Nothing except getting tangled up in a Remington typewriter ribbon is worse.

—JAMES THURBER

"Isn't this a nice party?"
"Sure it's a nice party—but you said that before."

THE THEATRE

DROUGHT

At the Forrest, "Carnival," by William R. Doyle, presents against an effective background that not unfamiliar story of the bad woman with a heart of gold. Helen Herbert, like Marguerite of the Camellias, is loved by a youth, loves him, and knows herself unworthy of him; and Helen too renounces him. But Helen is a stomach dancer in a side show passing through a Middle-Western town, so after her renunciation she goes up on a trapeze under a balloon to do a parachute jump.

I was reminded of a melodrama seen in my youth, wherein a distressed lady, taking arms against a sea of similar vexations, volunteered to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, and thereby won Fame, Fortune, and Love. Such was not Helen's fate, however. Her parachute failed to open, and her troubles ended that way.

A great many rubber stamps are used in "Carnival," including, among the more recognizable, both a scene in which Helen, to disillusion her lover, lets him see her plying her trade, and that sure-fire finale, "The show must go on."

The fact remains, nevertheless, that this legend of a bad woman with a heart of gold is one of the great legends, and that whenever it is done with any approach to sincerity or reality, it is immensely moving. "Carnival" fulfills that loose requirement.

Anne Forrest plays Helen with great feeling, and Norman Foster gives a fine, simple performance as her ingenuous lover.

"Marry the Man!", by Jean Archibald, at the Fulton, is not a bad play, it is an appalling one. It dramatizes that topic of yesterday's interest, Companionate Marriage, in terms of imbecile simplicity, and comes to the conclusion that any attempts to improve on good, old-fashioned matrimony are just nonsense, and that, after all, the proudest title a woman can bear is the holy name of wife. Only because it's a comedy is the erring young woman who has gone in for connubial experiments, and keeping her own name, allowed the benison of wedding chimes, and a somewhat astounding circlet of orange blossoms.

Vivian Martin, looking entirely charming, is wasted on the rôle of the heroine. She is particularly appealing in her grave moments. Lester Vail, whose acting always gives the impression of being a kindly and self-con-

"MAN'S ESTATE"

Although it has to do with nothing more cosmic than that quaint old love-or-a-career problem, the Guild's comedy at the Biltmore is made worth-while by several fine performances. From the right: Earle Larimore, as the young man with the fancy ideas; Margalo Gillmore, as the lovely lady who causes all the trouble, and Dudley Digges, representing the humdrum as a midwestern hardware merchant.

trolled argument against some stupid prejudice, administers an evening of quiet rebuke as the hero.

"MESSIN' AROUND," at the Hudson, is a third-rate colored musical show. It may improve with time ("Blackbirds" did), but it will have to improve a lot.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

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The Grub Street Club at its meeting Monday will hear Owen R. Lovejoy discuss the subject of motherhood in bondage. Marie T. Phillips, Carol P. Schmid and H. T. Rich will probably read their poetry.—*The World.*

Probably our eye. They will.

HE SAW WHAT HE WANTED—

YET, AFTER FOUR YEARS OF OBSERVING LIFE AND REFLECTING UPON IT AS IT REALLY IS, HE DOESN'T QUITE SEE HOW HE CAN MAKE A NOVEL OUT OF IT.

THERE were, for instance, the three charming ladies—the miniature painter, the ingenue, and the show girl—who were his first interviews as a reporter, and who convinced him that he should acquire even more experience as a journalist before commencing a serious work.

There was the speakeasy which was a telephone number, and which delivered gin to one's door for fifteen dollars the case.

There were the patient and resigned scientists at the Museum of Natural History who sat in dusty cubbyholes and meditated upon obscure matters.

There were the African spitting cobras at the Bronx Zoo, and there was the horrible afternoon in which he obligingly held the tail of the gaboon viper while it discharged venom into a cloth-covered tumbler.

There were the Dry Martinis concocted by Louie at Martin's, and there was the *grosser stein* for a quarter at the Third Avenue Verein.

There was the stark beauty of a painting at Anderson's, and the discovery that the artist who conceived it was a congenital idiot.

There was the nude revue girl who registered indignation when the photographer requested her to cross her knees, and the demure débutante who did not.

There was the prime venison au Lafayette, and there was the presentation champagne with which Felix noted the first anniversary of his Twelfth Street place.

There was the notorious cardsharp who never permitted himself to win in a game with his friends, and there was the eminent churchman who never lost.

There was the lady of the evening who sent him a silver cigarette case for mistakenly citing her as a prominent society girl, and there was the starved-looking young high-diver who volunteered to sign a damage release and jump from Brooklyn Bridge in exchange for a two-column picture.

There was the genuine Scotch which he secured for only a hundred dollars a case, and there were the two clubs which suspended him for non-payment of dues.

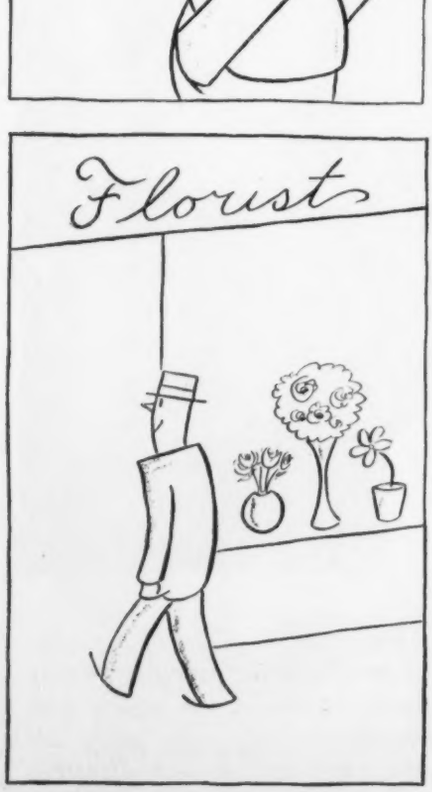
There was the gangster's sweetheart with whom he dined for reasons of business, and the sinister-looking person who followed them to and from the restaurant, presumably to insure the lady against harm.

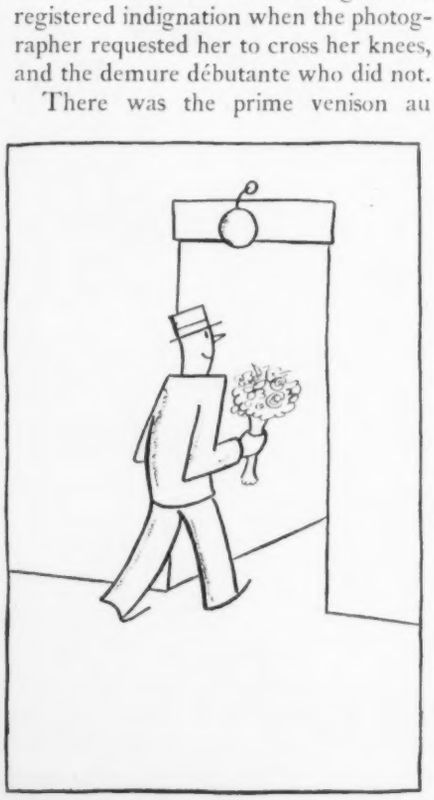
There was the Siamese who became enraged when he fed his white elephant chopped-egg sandwiches, and there was the camel which bit him viciously on the shoulder.

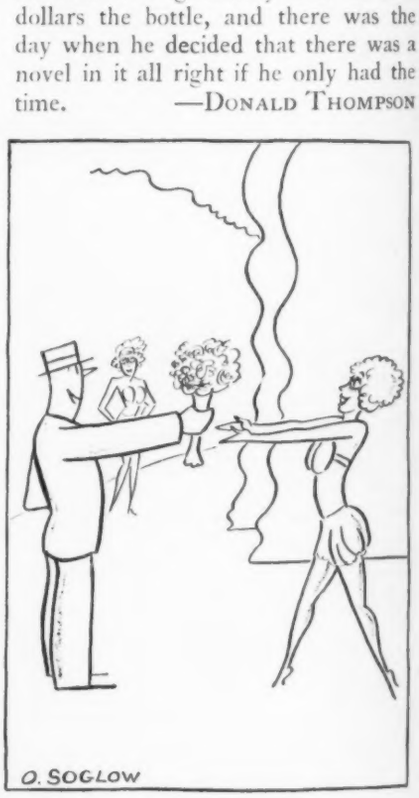
There was the rumor about the dead man riding around on the subway, and there was the flagpole-sitter who sat for three dollars a day.

There was the new place where Bacardi was ignorantly sold at four dollars the bottle, and there was the day when he decided that there was a novel in it all right if he only had the time.

—DONALD THOMPSON







A Loving Thought for Mother

Back of the gift is the giver.

It's the loving thought that mother craves, whether it be expressed in a diamond or a box of chocolates.

If you choose chocolates, select the same assortment you give the debutante—Whitman's Sampler. Mother will appreciate your thought.

The symbolism of the package expresses the beauty of Mother's Day. Starting with a quaint and quiet sentiment, the Sampler has acquired a particular and special niche in the regard of candy-lovers.

It is not merely "a box of candy," it is a message, a token, a fit symbol of "a loving thought for mother."

Order it early from the Whitman agent near you—usually the leading drug store. He gets his supplies *direct* from Whitman's.

An added touch of sentiment is the special wrap for Mother's Day illustrating—*"A Loving Thought for Mother."*

Mother's Day
May 12, 1929

HAL Started in 1842 W28 ©S.F.W.&Son, Inc.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AT THE CORNER
OF 42ND ST. AND
HOLLYWOOD B'V'D.

WE have been reading a lot lately (or maybe *you* have been reading it—I personally don't get much beyond the first four words) about Broadway moving to Hollywood. With all the theatrical stars, scenic artists, directors, and composers who are signing up with the talking movies, there is hardly a press-story in the moving-picture sections which does not begin: "Soon Hollywood Boulevard will look like Broadway." This can be believed only by those who have never seen Hollywood Boulevard.

For the fact is that you could put Joe Frisco on every corner of Hollywood Boulevard, Ethel Barrymore in every drawing-room of Beverly Hills, and a Harry Richman Club in every "Drive-Yourself" garage between Los Angeles and Santa Monica and the place would still be Hollywood. I am not saying that Broadway is better than Hollywood Boulevard (I might say so, if plied with liquor, but it has nothing to do with this thesis). I am simply saying that all this talk about Hollywood becoming even an approximation of Broadway, regardless of the number of Broadwayites who migrate there, is like saying that by putting four or eight or twelve polar bears in the Central Park Zoo you move the North Pole down to Sixty-second Street.

IN the first place, there is Hollywood itself. Contrary to popular conception, Hollywood is essentially a small-town health-resort. Except on Saturday nights, there is no place to go after midnight but Henry's, which is a West Coast company of Reuben's. There may be parties in private houses, but they are genteel affairs which break up at eleven-thirty in perfect order, owing to the fact that the host or hostess and most of the guests have to be on location in Arizona at nine the next morning. Roscoe Arbuckle has a night club in Los Angeles which makes a brave gesture on Sunday nights but the illusion of whoopee is nominal and the Friday night *soirées de gala* at the Cocoanut Grove correspond roughly to a "hop" which the Hotel Gotham might put on if a convention of typographical experts should ever assemble there (except that the band is as good as the best you ever heard). There is an exclusive weekly "Mayfair" at the Los Angeles Biltmore at which the guests are with difficulty restrained from dancing the minuet.

Now this is very bucolic and charming and excellent for the gland secretions, but there will have to be extensive alterations made before it resembles Broadway. You will find many sincere residents who claim that they never want to see Broadway again, but that is because *au fond* they are really anti-Broadway and like the simple life. (And that certainly is no knock. Look at Thoreau, a great guy.)

BUT the chief reason that Hollywood can never resemble Broadway is neither because most of its eating-places are called The Brown Derby nor because the only place to go after midnight is one delicatessen or the house of a friend who has already gone to bed. It is the strange chemical change which comes over New Yorkers when they get there. Hollywood could take on by accretion all the men-about-town from Columbus Circle to Forty-second Street, and *they* would be the ones to change, not Hollywood. For you can't be a man-about-town without a town to be about in, and Hollywood is not a town but a wayside camp of temporary shacks inhabited for the most part by people who are waiting to see if their options are going to be taken up at the end of six months. A lot of them haven't even unpacked yet, and if they are wise they won't. Of two dozen stage stars who have been announced as having deserted the legitimate stage for the talking pictures, an even twenty will be back in New York in time to take part in Fall productions on Broadway. No wonder that the theatrical managers are unmoved by the ominous threats of the movie magnates to steal all their stars. They could cast all of their 1929-30 shows right now with people who have been to Hollywood and returned (or who have been announced as going but have never gone), each one muttering vows never to sign a movie contract again. This sort of thing tends to make a community jittery. On Broadway when you are out of a job at least

"This rug is from our previous apartment—it would have been a shame to cut it."

YOU CAN DRIVE YOUR LINCOLN AT NORMAL SPEED THE VERY FIRST DAY YOU OWN IT

SAY what you will, it takes a little from the joy of motoring . . . this business of "breaking in." The car is like a swift horse straining at the bit. The power is there. The speed is there. But you can't use them. For the first five hundred miles, you have been told, "it would be better to keep her under thirty miles an hour."

That is an annoyance which the Lincoln owner is fortunately spared. For the Lincoln is made so accurately, with such extraordinary precision—in many cases 1/15*th of a hair's breadth!*—that all its parts fit perfectly from the start. There is no need of wearing in motor bearings or pistons. It would be just as ludicrous to talk of breaking in your watch.

That is why you can drive your Lincoln at normal speed the very first day you own it. And that is typical of Lincoln methods from start to finish. For the Lincoln is as good inside as it is out.

The beauty of the Lincoln, its power, its profound comfort and stability spring from a single source . . . the high resolve of its makers to build as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce.

THE 7-PASSENGER SEDAN

A capacious yet graceful closed car seating seven persons with ease, and suitable either for town or country use. Its luxurious upholstery, unique spring suspension, and perfect balance achieve exceptional comfort.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

This spring, Packard is completely attuned to the new season. Trim, jaunty and fleet of line . . . harmoniously gay and smartly turned out . . . with a world of thrilling power under its graceful hood.

See the open car as only Packard can interpret it! Roadsters, touring cars, phaetons and double duty convertibles are offered in all three models of the new Packard Eights . . . as well as superb custom-built Packards by renowned coach builders.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
(near 196th Street)

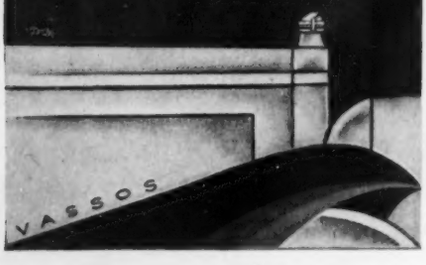
BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns one



you are out of a job on Broadway.

This feeling of uncertainty (which is universal except among those established stars who are cuddled up in three-year contracts) has its effect on your transplanted Broadwayite. It takes him just about one day to realize that he is living in Death Valley. The nearest metropolitan equivalent to this group-pussy-footing is a newspaper-office. Newspapermen are always looking apprehensively at the Managing Editor's door and the Managing Editor is always looking apprehensively at the Owner's door, for they know that they are here today and gone tomorrow. This is why no newspaperman can ever be really light-hearted. And it is why all the wise-guys and crackers from every night club and restaurant on Broadway could be given chocolate contracts and fare to Hollywood and, after a week, would become part of that vast army of tip-toers, mooning nervously about, looking at their watches and sneaking off to bed at ten-thirty.

I HAVE been on parties in Hollywood which were made up entirely of ex-New Yorkers, ex-rounders, ex-actors, ex-directors, and ex-celebrities. A list of those present would read like a list of guests at Mayfair (New York), the Equity Ball, Reuben's, and pre-Whalen Tony's. In life each had been a fairly gay boy or girl in his or her way, with a definite personality, a definite place in a small world and a certain self-confidence, however mistaken it may have been. And yet there was no illusion of being on Broadway or even of being among Broadwayites. For under the brow of the papier-mâché hills of Hollywood (each surmounted by enormous white letters spelling out the name of its particular real-estate development) they had become subdued, moving quietly about among the refreshment tables, taking you into a corner to ask confidentially about the latest news from New York and fearing to talk to strangers lest they should disclose their views to some

Whyte's

FAMOUS RESTAURANT

A PLACE to know, to frequent, to enjoy, if you care for true born quality of fare, unobtrusiveness of service—and rare refinement of atmosphere, zest, savor, gusto, relish—all await you at Whyte's in fullest measure.

For 20 years a famous down-town habitat of those who take food seriously—now in its new home UPTOWN—a MODERN home, easeful, restful, zestful, colorful.

NOW

In the Lefcourt-National

5th Ave. at 43rd

LUNCHEON
TEA
DINNER

Saturday Tea Dansants 4 to 6
Sunday Luncheon & Dinner
SMITH BALLEW'S ORCHESTRA
6:30 to 9:30—a National Broadcasting Feature.

AN EMPRESS HELD THEM PRECIOUS

FIVE small bits of jade . . . yet their perfection made them the most favored of all the ornaments of an empress!

When, as the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi, she ruled all China from "The Throne of Heaven," a slender finger on each hand bore one of these strangely impressive rings . . . the all-seeing eyes of the immemorable dragon . . . symbol of the omnipotence of the great dynasty of Ch'ing.

The exquisite bells formed ear-drops which fell just below her luxurious head-dress. But it was the pendant that held high place in her regard. Small and incredibly delicate, it is of that magnificent green gem jade which was worn by members of the imperial family. It is philosophically carved with the cricket and the melon vine, that its wearer may always possess both wisdom and riches.

In the creation of these ornaments the Chinese genius manifests its highest art. Their vigor and elegance of design, their linear beauty place them among the museum pieces of all ages.

Marcus & Company take great pleasure in presenting these ornaments for the inspection of their friends and patrons.

There is always to be seen at this establishment a wide selection of jade articles and ornaments of superior quality and design.

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach

© 1929

Where did you get that—

—yes, he means the tie. ▪ ▪ ▪ We like to infer that it's a Cheney Cravat—one of the group appropriate for business wear. And there are other groups of Cheney Cravats, each particularly well suited for semi-formal daytime, and sportswear. ▪ ▪ ▪ When the tie is right—it tones up the rest of the outfit. And it's not hard to find the right Cheney Cravat. ▪ ▪ There is a Cheney label in every one.

CHENEY CRAVATS **Made by Cheney Brothers** CHENEY CRAVATS

agent provocateur of the company by whom they had been engaged. For no matter how odious the hills of Hollywood may be, there is gold in them, fabulous gold beyond the dreams of Broadway, and one would be a fool not to get one's hat as full of it as possible before the company starts a "reorganization." No one can blame them. It is the chance of a life-time. All I am saying is that it isn't the Gay White Way.

I am not a devotee of Broadway and can heartily sympathize with its detractors. Neither am I a Hollywood fan. Personally, I like Rothenburg, Germany. But when I read that because Ina Claire, Will Rogers, George Abbott, or Seymour Felix are going to Hollywood, Broadway will take on the aspect of North Elm Street and Hollywood Boulevard will resemble Broadway, my features become distorted with a rather ugly grin and, try as I will (which is not at all), I can not refrain from a sceptical "Yeah?" I am also making book on the bet that, in November 1929, Broadway will be just as it was in November 1928 and that Hollywood Boulevard will (God forbid!) be just as it is today.

—Robert Benchley

•

COMPAGNON DE VOYAGE

If you had stood beside me on the
subway or the "L"
Or even sat beside me on a bus,
I'd have looked at you a moment and
known very, very well
That friendship, much less love, was
not for us.

For you'd have left at Gramercy, and
I'd have had to stay;
And thus our passing moment
would have sped,
How fortunate it is, my dear, we
didn't meet that way,
But dining on the Century instead.

—Carroll Carroll

•

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET? While the new summer styles have already arrived in our shops, it is still a little early and we are in a predicament what to do with them! We dare not show them in the windows for there is still time for them to be copied and made by others. And all the time we are bursting with the news of them! They are altogether too lovely to hide away. So, if you can keep a secret, we shall, rather surreptitiously, perhaps, bring them out for your private view.—*I. Miller adv. in the Times.*

Now *you* chase *us* a while.

Home Movie Close-ups IN COLOR

Pictures you make yourself with Kodacolor... pictures that come closer to reality than any you have ever seen

THE turn of a switch and the room is dark.

The turn of another and it is bright with the presence of someone you love. Just a picture on the screen, to be sure, but a picture that actually mirrors reality.

You catch your breath at the wonder of it. Now—before your eyes—is everything they saw when the camera was aimed . . . not only every slightest motion, but every shade of every COLOR!

Your Family—Your Friends

Your parents and your children are growing older. Each year shows a change. A Kodacolor close-up keeps them forever just as they are today. You may capture them at their best, in their most characteristic moments, on the days when they look particularly well.

Your friends, too, may be filmed. Then you can see them whenever you wish. Their paths and yours may separate, but their images stay with you.

And what images they are! The color of the hair, the eyes, the cheeks, the clothes—it's all there. You see your loved ones as they really are.

With the Utmost Simplicity!

No special skill is necessary for taking good Kodacolor pictures with the Ciné-Kodak. You simply use a color filter and a special film. From there on it's as easy as taking snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

Don't let another week pass before calling at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and seeing some Kodacolor movies. Then provide yourself with a home movie outfit, and begin making your own pictures, *living* pictures of those you love.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

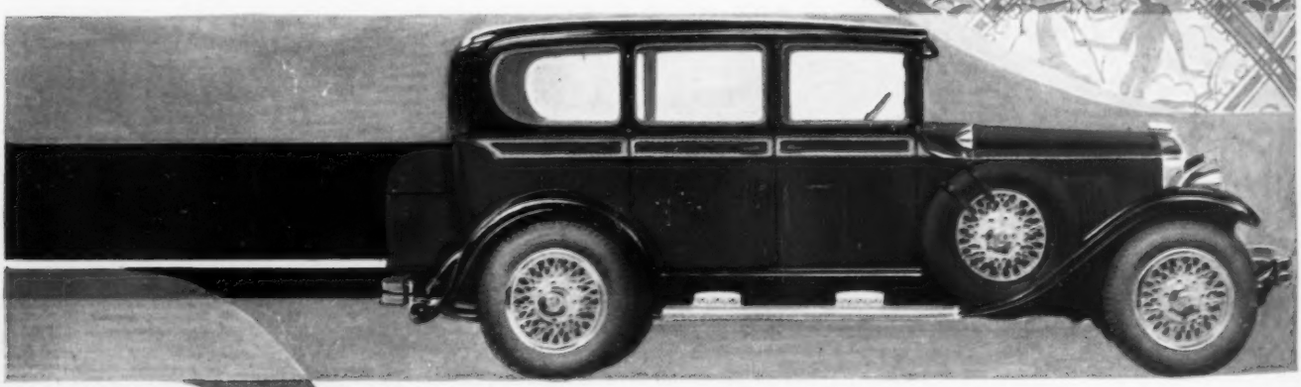
KODACOLOR

Home Movies in Full Color

ONLY 400 WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY CAN OWN THIS CAR

It's a personal car, individual in the truest sense, this Reo Car of the Month for May . . . a limited de luxe edition of Reo Flying Cloud. An ensemble created by a famous stylist, in colors that have all the smartness and verve of the mode . . . upholstered in an exclusive fabric designed, loomed and produced by Cheney Brothers—a fabric obtainable in no other car.

The Reo Car of the Month for May is priced at only one hundred dollars more than the large Sport Sedan of Reo Flying Cloud. Only a very limited number of these special cars will be available in any community. The woman who drives one will but rarely meet its duplicate on the road. If you don't know the name of your nearest dealer, write or wire collect to the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.



This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers on Jacquard looms exclusively for the Reo Car of the Month for May.

REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

BY THEIR DESKS—

IT is rather important, these days, to know your bankers. Of course, everybody has one favorite banker to make a fuss over him, but sometimes that one is out. This situation is apt to leave you in a predicament. You don't like to stand around, hat in hand, staring at marble columns and secretarial knees like a very oaf. You certainly don't want to edge up to the President's desk and stammer out your name while all the wheels cease to turn. Neither do you want to descend to somebody's Assistant Secretary, who looks as though he might patronize you, in a nice way.

After considerable observation, I have come to know the bankers. The answer lies in a close study of the desktops, so that a single trained glance at once reveals the status of the incumbent. Thus, you will be able to select your own level, without the embarrassment of stepping up to the watchman and whispering, "Who's that man over there? Is he an officer?"

For the sake of brevity, I have tabulated my findings:

INFORMATION: Pad and pencil. Bunch of flowers.

1ST ASS'T SECRETARY: Pad and gold pencil. Lamp. Boxes marked "Out" and "In." Two telephones. Date punch. Bronze ashtray.

2ND ASS'T SECRETARY: Pad and silver pencil. Two telephones. Bronze ashtray. Date punch.

3RD, 4TH, 5TH, & 6TH ASS'T SECRETARIES: Pad and pencil. Telephone. Bronze ashtray.

1ST VICE-PRESIDENT: Pad with leather cover. Two of those pens which stand angled up and stab you in the eye when you lean forward suddenly. Water carafe and glass. Three telephones. Green blotter. Bronze statuette of a bull.

2ND VICE-PRESIDENT: One of those pens. Two telephones. Blue blotter. Copy of Kipling's "If." Calendar. Rubber bands to snap.

3RD & 4TH VICE-PRESIDENTS: Pad and pencil. Telephone. Brown blotter. Glass tray of paper clips.

PRESIDENT: Pad and pencil. Bunch of flowers. —STANLEY JONES

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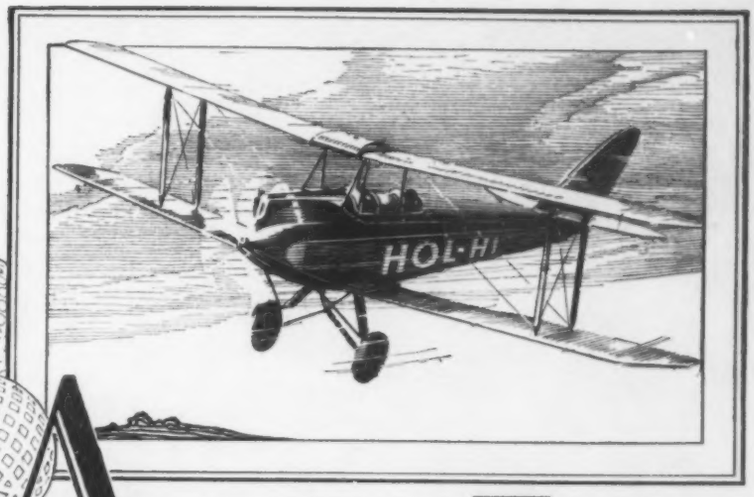
All of the charges specifically allege that the policemen were assigned to different posts with the understanding that they were to be covered with bicycles.—*Mount Vernon Daily Argus.*

And that's no small handicap, either.



75c *each*

AEROPLANE TROPHY

for the Longest-Driving Amateur

HOL-HI WEEK

MAY 11*th* TO 18*th* INCLUSIVE

Any Amateur in Good Standing May Compete

HERE is a trophy that brings the longest drives of Hol-Hi Week more fame than an open champion could expect in a dozen title rounds!

It goes to the winner of Hol-Hi Week Golf Ball Driving Contest. Everybody can enter free of charge and drives can be made down any fairway, from any tee at any club in America.

Whether you want to become the world's most extensively photographed aviator at the end of the week, or whether you simply want to make your golf club the proud possessor of the highest-flying trophy ever donated for a man-sized nation-wide contest—*get a free contest slip at once from your local Pro or nearest sporting goods dealer.* The brief, simple rules of contest are printed on these slips—it is not necessary to buy any additional equipment to enter contest. In case of ties duplicate awards will be made to the contestants tying.

• • •

***Special discount on Hol-Hi balls*—Special $1.50 per dozen discount on Hol-Hi balls—no more than one dozen to a customer—is our special contribution to all who need extra distance, to make Hol-Hi Week a nation-wide success. Coupon below, filled in by yourself, authorizes dealer to give you this special discount.**

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

NEW YORK, CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

THIS COUPON IS *NOT* A CONTEST SLIP

This certificate is worth $1.50 on purchase of one dozen Hol-Hi Golf Balls during Hol-Hi Week. It certifies purchase was made on May ....., from (*name of Pro or dealer*) ....., and when properly filled in it entitles this Pro or dealer to manufacturer's pro rata refund as special contribution to success of Hol-Hi Week. (Warning to dealers—This special discount is limited to one dozen balls per customer.)

Name .....

Address .....

Seen at Reuben's

EDDIE DOWLING—after attracting shining lights from every walk of life to his smash-hit opening in "Rainbow Man"—finds Reuben's the most attractive rendezvous along "The Sidewalks of New York". Always surrounded by success, he's in his element here! And quick to detect a fellow star, Eddie paid generous tribute to Our Chef's succulent offering of Duck Livers *Saute*, Fried Apples, Onions and Lima Beans—in a most convincing manner. (Nary a fragrant morsel remained to tell the tale!)

* * *

POPULAR comedienne—RAY DOOLEY (who, incidentally, plays the permanent role of Friend-Wife opposite Eddie Dowling) took advantage of her visit here to find out what this Reubenola is that everyone is just *raving* about. And the petite charmer—who has won an honored place in the hearts of "Follies" and "Vanities" devotees, adds her praise to the acclaim accorded this creamy "chop-sueyish" culinary creation of Reuben's. 'Ray for Reubenola!

* * *

RUBE GOLDBERG—humorist and wit, who cartoons in his spare time, wasn't asking "Foolish Questions" when he asked about Reuben's Breast of Chicken *Eugenie*, Cream Sauce, Mushrooms and Virginia Ham on Toast! Perhaps not as intriguing to him as doping out one of those grotesque, pictorial inventions, but it sounded good to him—and it tasted even better than it sounded! Yes, Rube—we're the guys that put the chic in chicken.

REUBEN'S

***Always Open:* Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

TABLES FOR TWO

The Customer Is Always Right

WELL, it would seem that your girl friend has turned into an old fogey, as will be proved at once when I start to reminisce about the good old days. Them was the times, my friends, when the big crowded places were dull as possible to the likes of me and you. We didn't care about showing off our costumes or observing the costumes of others, so we went to little hide-away dumps to be amused. They had all the life and vitality after midnight, and it was with vast reluctance that I betrayed the secret of their excellence in print, lest crowds and success ruin them. What has happened to this town, anyway, that the big popular places are now so much more fun than the small ones? Maybe the Book-of-the-Month Club has educated the public to make popular the really fine things of life. Maybe I have gotten a herd instinct myself. Whatever the reason, the subject of my discourse on this lovely Sabbath day will be dancing and eating joints that the goers-out among you know all about already.

For instance, the Casanova, formerly exclusively the haunt of gentlemen in pinch-back suits and ladies in too-tight-fitting black satin frocks with lace collars, has burst forth with a five-dollar couvert charge, a perfectly grand floor show, and a liberal sprinkling of the trade referred to on Broadway as "class business." Messrs. Ohman and Arden, playing medleys from "Spring Is Here," "Funny Face," and "Treasure Girl," perform amiably on two gloriously white and creaking grand pianos. Alice Boulden, former Texas Guinan girl and an artist at putting over the he-is-crazy-for-me-and-I'm-crazy-for-him-ain't-it-grand type of ditty, is among those present; also the Yacht Club boys, casual and jaunty as ever, though the personnel has changed somewhat. Rosita and Ramon were also there doing tangos and passionate pas-de-deux, and Rosita has a swell figure. Ramon has darn little of that. You don't need to don your newest Vionnet or your opera studs to attend the Casanova even yet, but you won't feel out of place if you do, because just about everybody in town has discovered that the show is really worth seeing.

ANOTHER thing that your most high-hat friends have recently discovered in a body is the Cotton Club in Harlem, which has a perfectly elegant revue that goes on at twelve-thirty and again around two o'clock. I fondly think that this revue (which hasn't quite as much tap dancing by small dapper boys as I like) is the reason for their presence there—I cannot believe that most of them realize that they are listening to probably the greatest jazz orchestra of all time, which is Duke Ellington's—I'll fight anyone who says different. It is barbaric and rhythmic and brassy as jazz ought to be; it is mellow as music ought to be. There are throbbing moans and wah-wahs and outbreaks on the part of the brasses, and it is all too much for an impressionable girl. Hours could be spent by people totally deaf, also, watching the perfectly superb drummer who sits enthroned on top of the gleaming pyramid that is the orchestra. He is small and dapper and has a supercilious black mustache; his body knoweth not what his hands doeth. While his eyes roam over the floor in amused detachment, his hands sneak up on the cymbals and the rest of the apparatus and knock them for a goal at precisely the right split second. White people never achieve such savoir-faire.

The Cotton Club closes at three, and pretty strange it seems to find yourself headed downtown instead of up at that hour. But I wouldn't take any doorman's suggestion as to late Harlem places, if I were you. No, no—not dangerous. Just dull.

DON DICKERMAN, the indefatigable, who has only four or five successful night clubs running at the moment, is about to open another one at 46 West Eighth Street. It is to be called the Daffydill, and will run at topnotch speed as a night club until three o'clock in the morning, with entertainment, hey-hey dance music, coo-coo decorations, and the chef of

Cheruit creates, and Baron de Meyer photographs, this superb evening gown of hyacinth satin, rose and yellow roses. The fashion story of Paris, of Cannes, of New York, of Aiken, in HARPER'S BAZAR FOR MAY—for sale where you buy the New Yorker.

THE SEASON OPENS!

Time to replenish the Linen Closet of the Country Home

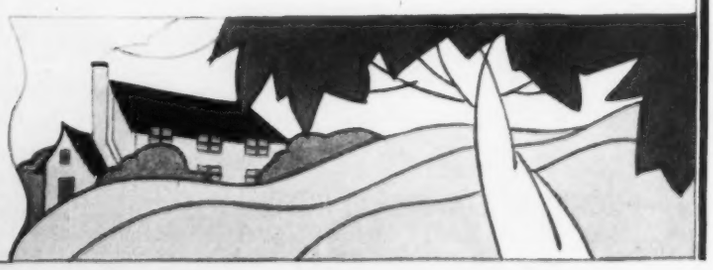
McCutcheon's collection of Summer Linens was never so varied or so complete. All the new styles in Colored Linens for breakfasts, luncheons, teas, bridge parties and dinners in modernistic or classic designs . . . every type of Household Linen to outfit the Linen Closet of a cottage or a mansion of many rooms. McCutcheon quality is always taken for granted and the prices are moderate.

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.

DEPT. NO. 75, NEW YORK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



the Heigh-Ho to make the kitchen all that it should be. When curfew sounds, the paying guests will be put forth on the sidewalk in an orderly manner and permitted to walk around the block twice to put themselves in the mood; they may return at 3:15 to a transformed Daffydill Dejeuner for scrambled eggs, waffles, sausages, and so on, served by a spic-and-span brand-new set of waiters who cook breakfast delicacies on the table before you. The breakfast will continue until 3 P.M. on Sundays, to catch the quaint people who eat breakfast after they get up instead of before they retire. There will be a radio in the balcony for special events, in case Dempsey decides to return to the ring, chess and checker equipment, morning newspapers, magazines, and other means of passing the time. And it all sounds very gay. I kin hardly wait.

NOTES ROUND AND ABOUT: Vincent Lopez will have opened the Woodmansten Inn on the Pelham Parkway by now. Last summer this was absolutely the ideal dancing place, with little lights twinkling in the trees and luscious dance music and a Chateau-Madrid-in-Paris atmosphere which is dispelled only by a look at your fellow dancers. . . . The Hotel St. Regis roof garden, the smartest roof place in town last summer, has opened with M. Lopez in charge of the music there as well. His frantic business of hop-skip-and-jump between New York at dinner and Pelham for supper will be repeated this year, from all I can make out. . . . Try the mussels marinière at the Passy restaurant; sample the game, particularly pigeons in white grapes, at the Caviar; gloat over Robert's duckling with oranges; enjoy yourself—it's spring! . . . The Cottage, at 725 Lexington Avenue, is making a specialty of serving Hollywood's eighteen-day reducing diet, guaranteed to make of you a sylph if you don't go in for fudge sundaes between visits to its portals. . . . Quan, cook on the Mayflower until President Hoover decided the yacht was an extravagance and, besides, fresh-water fishing was more fun, has opened a table-d'hôte restaurant at 28 West Fifty-first Street. The special Chinese dishes are delicious; the regular meals are *comme ci comme ça*. People who are That Way about Chinese food are more That Way than anyone else is about anything, so this should interest the likes of them. —LIPSTICK

"Those Tweedle boys are getting to be a nuisance" . . . *said the High-Hatter*

"Tweedledee *did* get rather argumentative," Alice admitted.

"'Argumentative'! He nearly went into a *clinch* with his twin!" remarked the Hatter, growing more and more high-hat as he remembered just *how* objectionable Tweedledee had been.

"And all because I danced *twice* with Tweedledum."

"You're too *nice* to those silly, belligerent kids," sulked the H. H.

"I can be polite to anybody I choose to be polite to," Alice said rather haughtily.

"But Alice"—and the Hatter's voice softened—"you're so *awfully* beautiful, Alice."

"I think I *am* better looking lately," Alice said, "—since I've been keeping my skin really nice with Lux Toilet Soap."★

"Your skin is as beautiful as Lenore Ulric's!" said the Hatter, and his cheeks turned positively cerise with his effort to please . . .

LENORE ULRIC *has delighted a vast public in* Kiki, *in* Tiger Rose, *in* Lulu Belle, *and this season as the gorgeous devil-girl in that quite stupendous production* Mima. *She is the very spirit of emotional versatility—in the body of a beautiful woman. Like all famous women of the stage, she guards her beauty with care. She says: "Every woman knows that she is attractive only when her skin is lovely. I have found that it is a simple matter to keep my skin exquisite and smooth with Lux Toilet Soap."*

★When the loveliest women of the theater almost unanimously choose one particular soap—when nine out of ten Hollywood stars choose the same soap—then you can be certain that it is a soap which is extremely kind to the skin.

Women whose careers depend on their beauty realize so well that there is no real beauty without the basic loveliness of clear, smooth skin. And they are consistently using Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps the skin so very lovely and smooth.

At the request of the actresses leading theaters throughout the country have placed this fragrant, white soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, you will find it being used in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters—and out in Hollywood all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. Lux Toilet Soap—10¢.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

AUNT MARY'S DOCTOR

I SEE by the newspapers that the doctor who attended my Aunt Mary in her last illness is engaged in writing a book. I do not anticipate an Adlerian treatise entitled "The Case of Aunt Mary," or even "The Doctor Looks at Aunt Mary." Indeed, I imagine that he has forgotten all about her, for his has been a crowded, tempest-tossed life, and she has been dust in the graveyard these many years.

Even into my time the faint, fragrant memory of her still lingered around the house where she and I were born. This is a shabby, rambling old caravansary in Jersey, bleak as a skull in winter. I am afraid it has not been painted since the Civil War. But in this season of the year, the vines that encase it and hold it up against the winds break into myriad blossoms. In another week it should be fantastically festooned with wistaria, and when their lavender petals flutter down to the eaves of the veranda roof, the crimson rambler will take up the task of making the old house seem gay and important.

THE place is thronged with ghosts. Ghosts, for instance, of the Van Mater slaves, who, back in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, forged the nails and hewed the beams of the barn that went up in flames only ten years ago, and whose burial ground still stands between two fields, the wooden crosses long since mouldered away, but the soil itself somehow spared each Spring by diffident plowmen.

Or ghosts of Washington's troops, buried, my elders always told me, there on the lawn across the noisy brook that winds through the hazel thicket and cuts across our place on its bustling, undiscouraged way to the sea. Certainly the Redcoat retreat to the waiting ships at the Highlands ran across our fields, and now and again the Spring plowing will bring up a bit of salvage. Once the potato diggers came upon a British officer's sword, emblazoned with a forgotten and almost indecipherable importance.

Then there is the ghost of Mr. Greeley, who used to take his nap in a chair on the veranda, the red bandanna, which would be thrown across his face, bellying rhythmically with his snores, and all the young fry compelled to go about on tiptoe because the great editor was disposed to doze.

And of course the ghosts of mine own people—above all, the ghost of little Aunt Mary. She was a tiny, fragile, merry child, born into a husky and surprised tribe. It was the way of her time to say that she faded like a wild rose from the roadside. She had become a dim legend in my time, but I knew the daguerreotype, with a locket clasping the fichu on her breast, and the black hair parted in the middle above a forehead ivory white. On frosty, moonlit nights I used to think I saw her, with her crinolines and her hood and her mittens, standing half lost in the shadows under the big walnut tree that was an old-timer even in her day.

SHE was in her early twenties when she died. They spoke of the malady that carried her off as "a decline," and I suppose that some species of anaemia afflicted her. The medical talent available then in Monmouth County was unequal to cope with the sickness that seized her, and the young French painter who was in love with her came up to New York to seek advice and help in the French colony here.

It was 1866—a time when New York looked to Paris for everything, from the *corps de ballet* for "The Black Crook" to the styles in bonnets and shawls affected by the lovely Eugénie. And just as anyone with an endocrine perplexity would have turned, a few years ago, to Walter Timme, new come from Vienna with all the latest wisdom about the glands, so, in the sixties Aunt Mary's anxious suitor hunted up a young French doctor, bursting with all the latest theories from the University of Paris. He had come to America to make his fortune and see the world, I suppose, but more particularly to escape from a France ruled by a rouged Napoleon sitting on the nervous edge of a recent throne. Paris just then was unhealthy for radicals and the fiery young doctor, in the days of his interneship, had already tasted the experience of spending two months in the lockup for writing pieces distasteful to the party in power.

Now, in New York, he responded to the call for help from down home. The trip was more of an undertaking in those days. There were no trains running to Red Bank. The young doctor must needs take a boat to South Amboy, and from there travel across country on horseback.

All his new-garnered wisdom was not enough for his task, but in the days when he stood by he proved himself sympathetic and winning and must have made friends with all the family. For afterward, when he was teaching French to a school of young misses up in Stamford, and desired, or at any rate agreed, to marry one of his pupils, it was to my grandfather that he came to borrow the cost of his wedding trip and the price of a fine new suit of clothes.

I never heard whether he settled that score, but I think he must have, for it was a tradition in the family to speak fondly of him. Another baffling detail I cannot supply would explain how, contrary to all the old family customs, my grandfather happened to have the money to lend him.

AUNT MARY'S doctor paid another visit to America in 1922 to make a speaking tour. In the newspaper comment heralding that tour, one viewpoint puzzled my uncles and aunts, as they rocked on the veranda and let their memories run back to the days when the dapper young doctor had come galloping up from Amboy more than half a century before. Being his seniors, they could not understand why anyone should think he was too old to make this tour. Why, he was only eighty-one, going on eighty-two. Perhaps, they decided, he had let the life of Paris sap him, and was, in consequence, poorly.

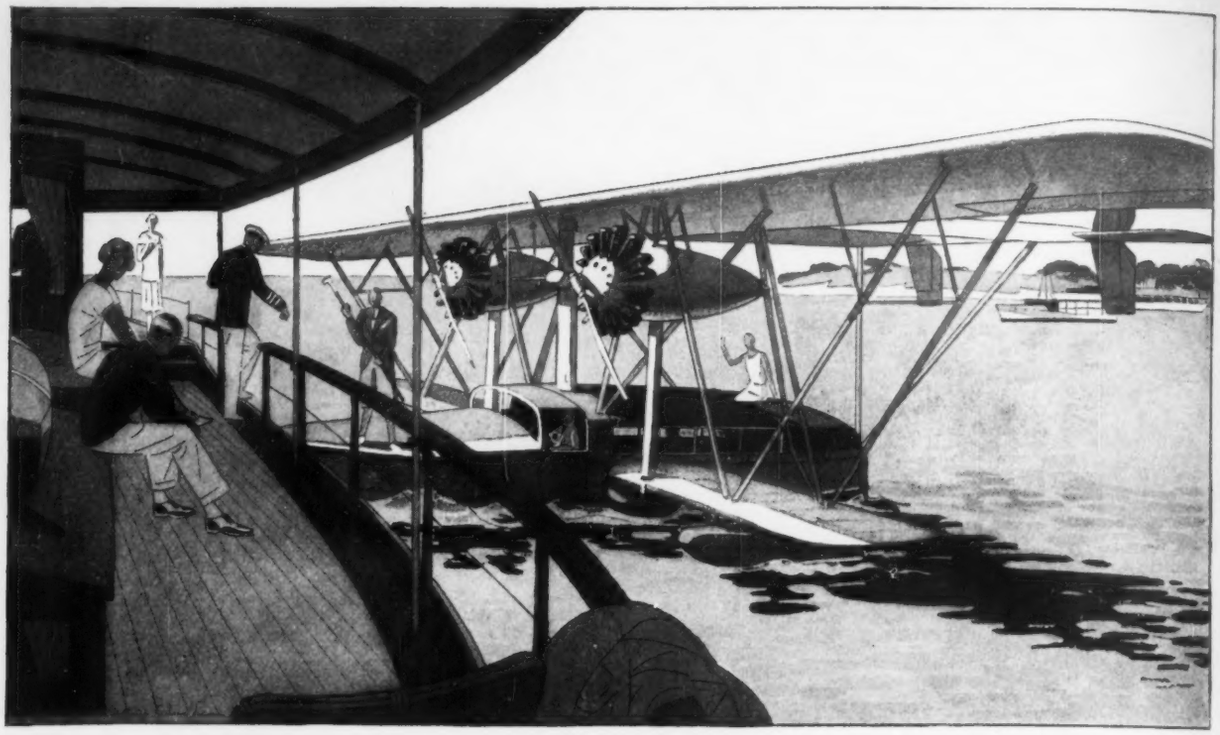
That was seven years ago. He has outlived them all and, or at least so the cables from Paris reported last week, is spry enough to be engaged in writing a book. His name, of course, is Clemenceau.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

ANTON BRUEHL

Perhaps in 1975, when men will be relieved by intelligent machines from the dull routine of daily life, there will be a return to the charming costumes of the past. • Colors will become poetic and gay. Gentlemen, in choosing their trouser-scheme for the day, will hover between primrose and puce, and waistcoats will rival the hues of Thorley's brightest nosegay. • In the meantime, may we offer the more imaginative spirits among you a few colors that are not so dusty? In Town Series Suits you will find a ruddy wine shade, a heathery lovat, a tan-speckled cream-grey, a cloudy blue that assuage one's hidden longings, yet conform strictly to the standards of present day usage. $55, $65 and $75.

WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS



Capt. J. M. Patterson's air yacht—"Liberty"—a finely appointed Sikorsky Amphibion

A 5,000-MILE CRUISE of the CARIBBEAN In an AIR YACHT . . . .

COMFORTABLY COMPLETED IN THE SAFEST AIRPLANE IN THE WORLD —A SIKORSKY AMPHIBION . . . .

A well-known publisher and sportsman, accompanied by his daughter, recently completed what they unanimously described as "a delightful modern experience."

Their cruise took them over the Spanish Main, Cuba, the Virgin Islands, Martinique, Trinidad, South America, Panama, and other places of unusual interest and beauty—places usually difficult to "discover" and visit by more ordinary means of travel. Numerous social and business engagements had been made in advance, and each one of them was faithfully kept on time.

This fascinating trip was made in a luxurious Sikorsky—the twin-engined amphibion that can climb and fly on one engine, and operate from land or water with equal ease.

(Further Information Gladly Furnished)

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THE OARSMEN

The Last Chance—Crab-Catching—Midshipmen on the Harlem

AT present, it appears likely that Ed Leader and Yale are in for plenty of hard work during the next few weeks. Leader and Yale have been ruling the early seasons for the past six years; only once has a Yale shell been defeated in an early-season race. That happened two years ago when a Princeton varsity managed to stave off a last-minute rush on Lake Carnegie. Aside from that race, there is only a defeat by Harvard, at four miles in 1927, and a defeat by California, at the 1928 Olympic trials, against their record. This weekend, however, Yale comes forth from its pre-season silence to face Columbia at Derby, and Columbia has reason to be a keen rival. You will remember that the New Yorkers started their rise to the top of rowing almost four years ago, with a splendid freshman eight. The following season the same crew had high hopes, but was stopped by Yale at Derby; and the same thing happened last year at Philadelphia.

There are a few men from that original freshman eight left in the present Columbia boat, and this will be their last chance to break the spell the Yale oarsmen seem to hold over them. This year, for the first time, they go to Derby having already won a race.

THERE is a certain disappointment in a victory such as Princeton scored over Tech. There are always those who hold to the theory that the catching of a crab is purely an accident. To a great extent, of course, it is; but it almost always happens when two crews are slugging along, side by side, through the stretches of a hard-fought race. It almost always comes in the final part of that race; and it is really an integral part of the game. The fact that the losers caught a crab should not detract from the credit of the winning crew.

WHEN laurels for coaching are handed out it might be well to reserve a large sprig for young Dick Glendon of Columbia. Working with

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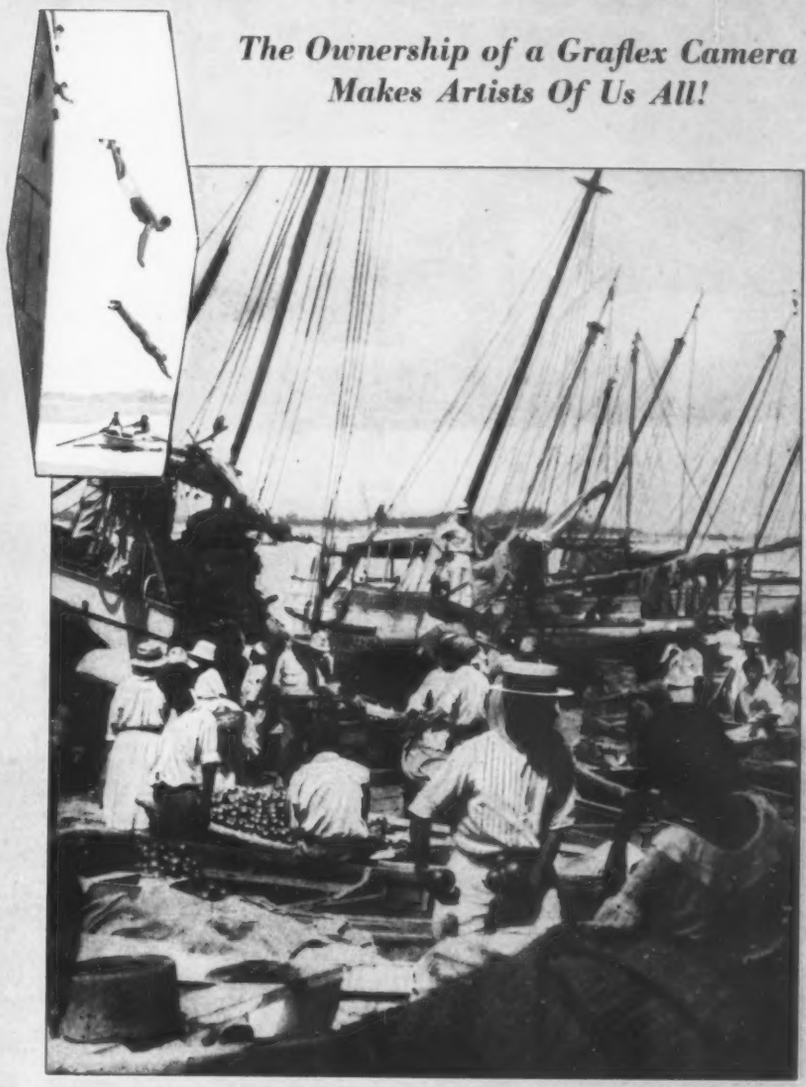

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The vital difference between "Travel Pictures" and others is that there's so seldom an opportunity to go back and take them over again. Be sure—take a Graflex!

And now there's a simplified Graflex, priced within reach of everybody. 3¼" x 4¼"—speed up to 1/1000 second—$80. Other models $85 to $375.

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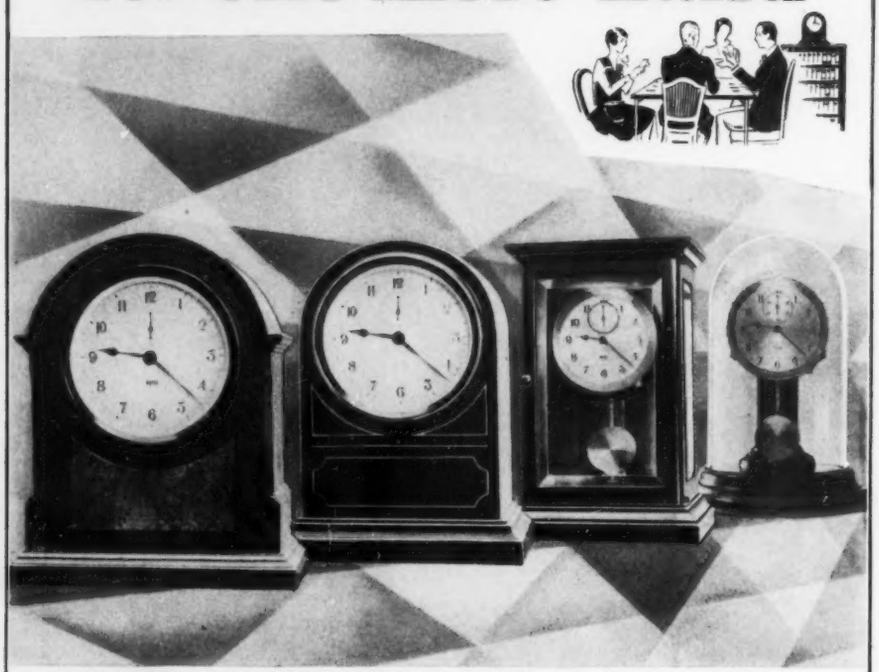
Time for one more hand



with a POOLE CLOCK

You won't have to call a consultation to determine the right time when there's a beautiful, accurate Poole Clock to tell you . . . time for another hand of bridge . . . time to keep appointments . . . time to start children off to school . . . time to meet or catch trains. Poole Clocks tell true time, year in and year out, without winding or oiling for they carry their own electricity with them . . . and they are accurate enough to need a second hand!

You will be proud to own a Poole Clock. You will enjoy its quiet, trouble-free efficiency. And you will depend on it because of its never-failing accuracy. Go to your dealer, and see the beautiful Poole Clock models he has on display. You will be surprised by the moderateness of their cost. The best shops sell them. See them.

Descriptive literature on request

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or
233 SPRING ST., NEW YORK CITY

POOLE MORSE PRECISION PRODUCTS CLOCK

a scarcity of material which would discourage any coach, he has kept Columbia close to the top, and he has turned out another fine-looking eight this season. The Navy, still looking around for its best combination, bothered by the Harlem and the driftwood in it, handicapped badly by being forced to climb from the train to the shell, was never a match for Columbia.

There was one moment in that race when Columbia showed itself to be made of genuine racing stuff. At the end of the first half-mile the cox steered too close to the marker and the starboard oars got mixed up with it. For the next few yards the big Navy eight gained foot after foot, and the stage was set for Columbia to crack. Instead, they calmly pulled themselves together and, without a single trace of panic, gained control again, and held it easily to the end.

ODDS AND ENDS: Pennsylvania and Philadelphia authorities are trying hard to arrange a notable schoolboy event for the Henley Regatta. They are trying to bring on Culver and St. John's from the Middle West, and it is hoped that Father Sill will enter his Kent School crew. . . . Navy coxswains are really between the devil and the deep sea. They keep their weight down for crew and then fill up on bananas and water when the government physical examinations come around. . . . Two of last year's novel oars are in the discard this season. Penn's spoons are now used only in the third boat, and Columbia's blades are no longer perforated. —R. F. K.

•

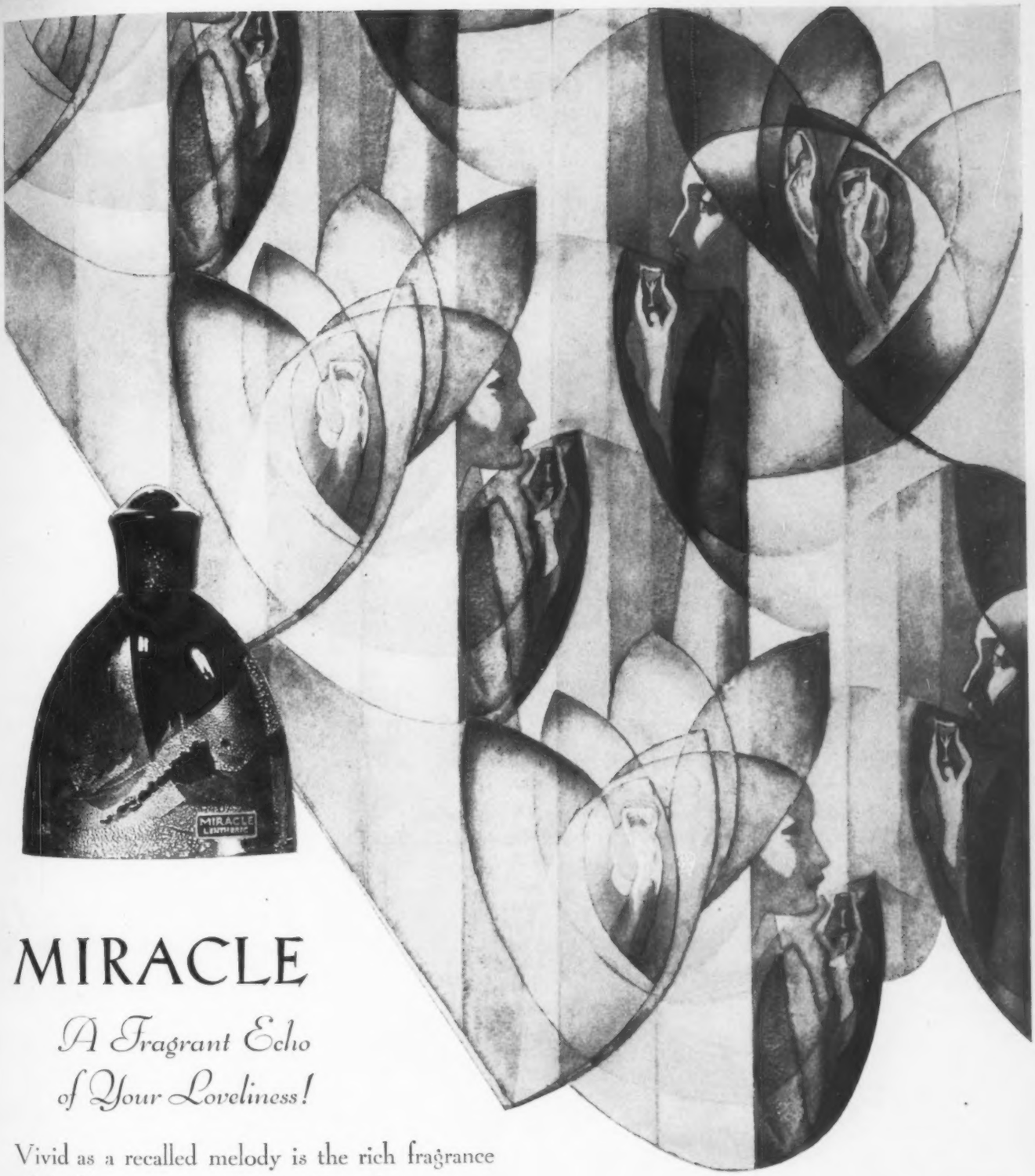
THE SLUGGARD

The sluggard missed the bright parade;
For him the cymbal sang in vain.
While others joined the golden train
He slept, and let the music fade.

While girls with ropes of roses danced
From end to end of the startled town
He buried his body in linen and down,
Letting the day go by unchanced.

While one man won a silver prize
And another one a prize of gold,
Sleep, as worthless as purple mould,
Grew thick across his lazy eyes.

While one man lost his every penny,
Grew ill and drank and cut his throat,
The sluggard, spending not a groat,
Dreamt he was God and was gayer than any. —HARRISON DOWD



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A Fragrant Echo of Your Loveliness!

Vivid as a recalled melody is the rich fragrance of the flowers immortalized in *Miracle*. Languorous flowers . . . Flowers with deep white throats . . . frail yet dangerous . . . have achieved the invisible glory of this perfume. For *Miracle* is a scented echo of woman's exotic self . . . subtle as her secret wish . . . glamorous as her heart's unfolding . . . *Miracle* whispers its tender secret of loveliness for hours—like all perfumes by Lenthéric it creates the precious illusion of breathing, living flowers!

Lenthéric, *Paris*

Parfums . FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET, NEW YORK · 245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE

THE RACE TRACK

Jamaica Atmosphere—Mei Foo's Paumonok—5,000 to 1

OUR racing season must open somewhere, and it might as well be at Jamaica. The atmosphere is Tammanical and the attendance, for the most part, professional. The ovate course is old-fashioned but not bad for short-striding sprinters; on the other hand, the clubhouse and grandstand arrangements and conveniences for the public are not only old-fashioned but thoroughly bad; and at the end of the day, if one follows the line of least resistance and departs by train instead of by motor, one goes down steep steps and through a narrow, unlighted tunnel which frequently is full of puddles of rainwater.

A racing season begins casually. There are no ceremonies. No notable throws out the first bad race of the year. There is much hand-shaking... "Glad to see you again," and "You've wintered well;" then the scurry for tips and the trip to the paddock to look wisely at the legs of the favorite. Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt disdained the trip to the paddock, watched her Chicatie finish third in the first race and her Byrd run second to Mei Foo in the Paumonok, and called it a day. But Mr. and Mrs. William Ziegler, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Victor Emanuel, and William Woodward and his daughter were in the saddling enclosure before the race named in honor of the Brooklyn Tammany club. My favorite program-seller told me he dreamed the night before that No. 7 won the big race, and I looked on my card and No. 7 was Mei Foo. Perhaps inspiration of this kind comes once in a lifetime. Personally, I never see numbers going up. I see . . . but let me proceed. Laverne Fator rode a clever race on Mei Foo and started Sam Hildreth and the Rancocas Stable off in stride.

IT was amazing to see Mei Foo, the convincing winner of the Paumonok, vanquished in the Wood Memorial four days later. To understand how complete was the discomfiture of those folks who are now suffering from having laid the odds on him, one must appreciate that it obviously was believed he was a certainty to recoup for the defeat by Crack Brigade of his stable companions, Mokatam and Wu, in the Colorado Stakes. Crack Brigade, a well-turned colt by Light Brigade, is owned by Doc Cassidy, who was the principal advisor in racing matters to the late Jack Phillips.

Mars Cassidy was having one of his off days in the starter's stand, and sent the field for the Wood Stakes away with Mei Foo next to last, while

"Here . . . take the bag too!"

How one set of A & F matched woods and irons in a new bag can make two people supremely happy

DID you use a set of mongrel woods, maverick irons and a non-pedigreed putter last year? Were there days when one or another of your ill-matched clubs betrayed you?

Then donate the whole bag of tricks to your favorite caddy and start your golf life anew with a complete set of A & F clubs in a bag worthy of them.

And while you are at it do a good job. Select an A & F golf suit of imported tweed (long trousers will be worn by many this season) and all the A & F dress fixings that go with it. Then go out, play the game and be happy.

Golf Balls—every standard make . . . Large assortment of Leather and Canvas Golf Bags, hookless fasteners . . . Complete assortment of wooden Clubs and Irons with hickory and steel shafts . . . Sterling Silver Tees with Chain . . . Huntley Putters . . . Scorers

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GORDON SKIN-TONE STOCKINGS DRAMATIZE EVEN THE MOST SIMPLE COSTUME

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There is . . . in this fashion of complementing one's complexion with one's stockings . . . a subtle artistry . . . a complete harmony . . . that we have never consistently achieved before. For, as legs take on the same tone as face, arms, and neck (which is the object of the skin-tone stockings) . . . our frocks become dramatized. And the line, silhouette, and every charming detail are accented.

Gordon
HOSIERY

The Gordon Skin-Tones are designed for every woman *under the sun* . . . and also for the ones who avoid the sun . . . as you will see by the list that follows:—

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fair Tan" to match her suntan, and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: In the same order of use—"Rachelle," "Soudan," "Blush Tan," and "Cymbeline."

FOR THE BRUNETTE: In the same order of use—"Ormond," "Coronado," "Pandora," and "Casino."

FOUR VERY NEW deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora," with a golden cast; "Pocahontas," a coppery tone; and "Ramona" for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

Essare, an outsider, stepped off in front like a smart little horse and never was headed. After Mei Foo was carried wide at the first turn, Fator wisely decided to wait for another day, and galloped his mount along in marked contrast to Workman, who whipped Harry Whitney's Beacon Hill for a quarter of a mile in a futile effort to make up the ground lost at the start.

TOM SHAW tells me that there is less interest in the Kentucky Derby, as reflected in the future betting, than there has been in many years, because the East has no colt to match with E. R. Bradley's Blue Larkspur. What wagering there is has taken the form of flyers on long shots. One railbird laid 5,000–1 against a horse named Yorktown, and another man bet him a hundred dollars each way. Should the miracle happen, the ticket calls for $875,000.

AT a small race meeting, the judges had refreshed themselves fairly lavishly before entering upon their duties. The first race on the card was closely contested, a bay horse and a gray fighting it out neck and neck through the stretch. After the pair passed the winning post, the crowd waited for the numbers to go up, and finally a group collected around the stand. "Which won?" shouted the backers. "The bay or the gray?" The presiding judge replied with great gravity, "It wash the piebald that won."

BRAVING the blasts that blow from Jamaica Bay, we saw Sachem Curry, surrounded by Tammany braves, holding a levee in the clubhouse. . . . Sam Hildreth wearing a wristwatch, but consulting his split-second chronometer for the time. . . . H. C. Phipps watching his new colors, "purple, yellow sleeves and cap" and his wife's "yellow, purple sleeves and cap". . . . Mrs. Harry F. Sinclair rooting for Mokatam and Mei Foo. . . . Foxhall Keene losing his hat in the crowd. . . . And Coley Madden singing "Button Up Your Overcoat."

—AUDAX MINOR

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PYRRHIC VICTORY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Jersey Observer*]

A ten-dollar gold piece will be presented to the first prisoner to occupy a cell in the new Weehawken municipal building, it was announced by Mayor Grauert.

When modern young couples choose an apartment... *It must have a* GAS REFRIGERATOR

One silent flame gives noiseless, endless cold

IN THESE DAYS of perfectly appointed apartments, where everything is scientific, where beds come out of doors, elevators run themselves, and the like, the refrigerator must be just as modern as the other equipment.

That accounts for the present decided swing to Electrolux. When you see this refrigerator in a kitchen, you may be pretty sure that the entire apartment is just the kind of place you'll be happy to live in.

Yet Electrolux is not expensive to own. It is not a luxury. Noiseless, permanent, sure, the Gas Refrigerator costs less to operate than any other refrigeration system.

In the Electrolux, a tiny gas flame and a mere trickle of water take the place of all machinery. A solid one-piece system produces steady cold... freezes sparkling ice cubes.

"It sure was worth while choosing this apartment with a Gas Refrigerator... all the equipment is better here." KITCHENETTE MODEL *shown above.*

A remarkable Electrolux Model... The Double-Duty. Makes the base for a full-size gas range and saves precious floor space and hundreds of steps.

There is nothing to wear out or need oiling... no whir or hum from mechanism that starts and stops.

Naturally this refrigerator appeals to both apartment builders and tenants. It's hardly surprising that the finest new, modern apartments install Electrolux... that discriminating apartment hunters look for Electrolux.

If you have not seen the Gas Refrigerator or learned how it *freezes by heat*, write or telephone for booklet, now, or call at your gas company's nearest display room and see this marvel for yourself. Crystal Green and Silver Grey finishes, besides the gleaming white. Models to suit every need and home. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City. Telephone, Vanderbilt 5700.

An abundance of sparkling ice cubes... ready when you need them for delicious cold beverages.

ELECTROLUX THE **GAS** REFRIGERATOR MADE BY SERVEL

For SUNLIGHT
and SUMMER

WITH the next leaf of the calendar, comes the season of light, bright summer clothes. The De Pinna advance showing is ready now . . . costumes for travel and days in town, for country clubs and country homes . . . fashions of sunlight and summer that include this imported knitted suit with the little sleeveless cardigan and the cherry-pattern jumper . . $58

Women's and Misses' Sizes

DE PINNA

Importers and Outfitters

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

BUY IT, PUT IT AWAY, AND FORGET ABOUT IT

I COME from common stock. I always planned to begin my autobiography with that terse statement. Now that introduction is out. Common stock made a bum out of me.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six my interests were devoted to the drama, music, painting, literature, and the Arts. I was a dilettante, a classicist, a philosopher, a bookworm. For years I read no farther back in a newspaper than the sporting page. To me, the financial sheet was only a page to remove mud from my shoes. No more. I use the editorial page now. The financial sheet is sacred.

IT all started when I got tired of being advised by my friends to buy some stock, put it away, and forget about it. It seemed harmless, so I thought I'd humor them—like trying their favorite remedy for breaking up a cold. It sounded easy enough to buy some stock, put it away, and forget about it.

For my first stock, I selected Anaconda Copper. I got the tip from a clerk in a hardware store when I went in to buy a copper kettle for my Great Neck hovel. "Have you any copper kettles?" I asked, my thoughts far, far away from the world of finance.

"We have an excellent stock," he replied—significantly, I thought.

"How much is this kettle?" I asked, trying to draw him out.

"Fifteen dollars," he said, knowingly.

"Why so expensive?" I asked.

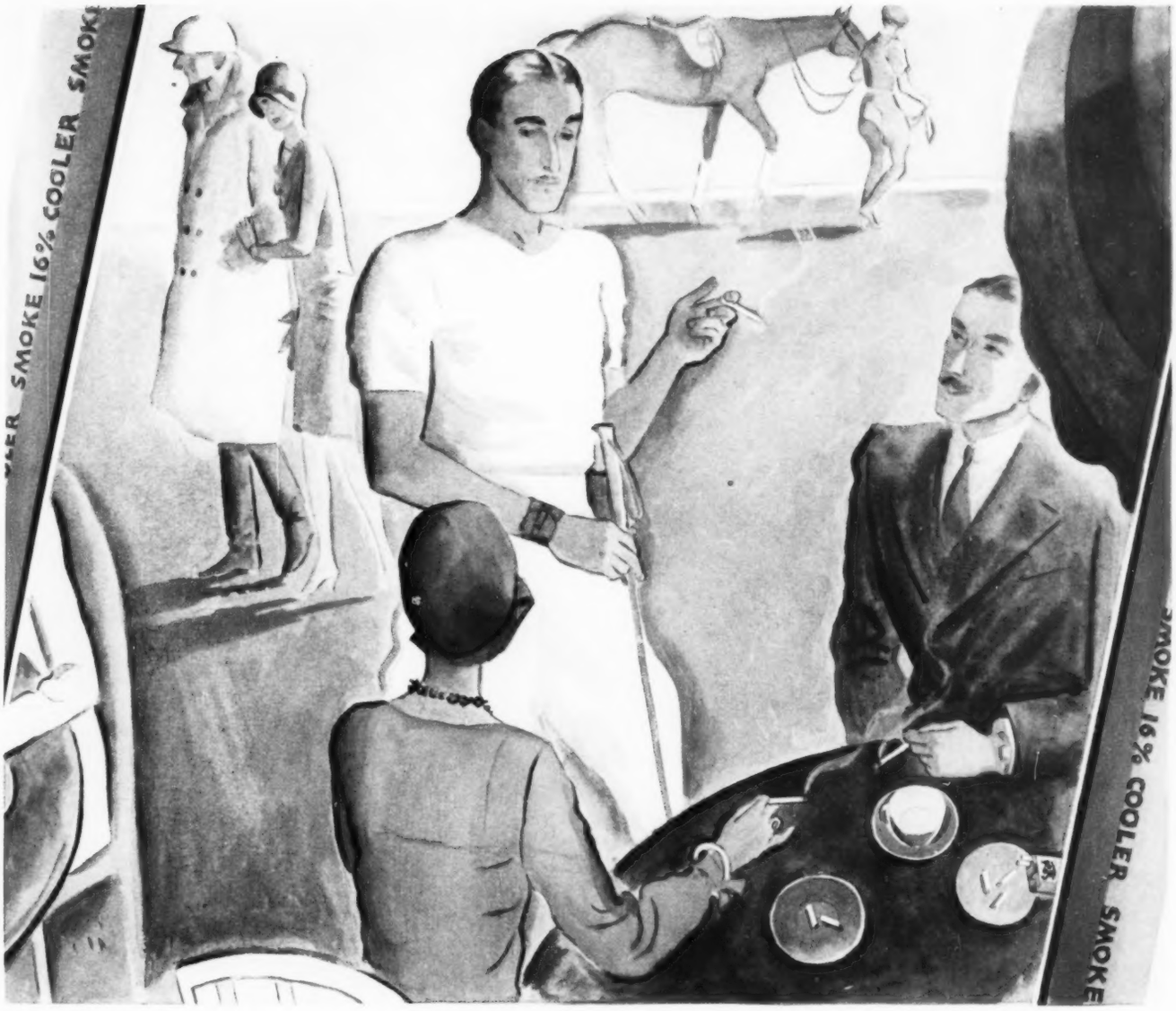
"Anaconda high price of copper."

That settled it. I'm influenced by such things and that's all there is to it. I rushed to the street and, in more time than it takes to tell it, was at a broker's. Here a nice, accommodating young vice-president took me under his wing and gave me some advice.

I didn't buy the Anaconda after all. He advised against it. He let me in on something special, even taking me over in a corner to tell me about it. That's how I happened to buy Mack Truck. For the trifling sum of sixteen thousand dollars, I became one of the principal bag-holders.

"Now, put this away and forget about it," the broker told me.

I did. That is, I put it away. But I *couldn't* forget about it. Every night I would pace the floor wondering if the back of the bookcase was a safe place to keep the stock. Moreover



CHAMPIONSHIP CHUKKERS...CHOICE CHATTER...COOLER SMOKE

At Meadowbrook...mad mêlée of ponies, men and mallets...gay chatter runs through the boxes...packages and packages of cigarettes are consumed! That's where the smart smoking world appreciates the greater coolness of Spud's smoke! Back for a tea-time resume of the game...more Spuds...clean mouth, nimble-tongue cigarette...its refreshing cooling effect heightening its full tobacco flavor ..making the last cigarette as delightful as the first. Thus, among life's modern pleasures, Spud is the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

The New GUNTHER Portal

A Journey That Took 109 Years . . .

. . . from Number 46 Maiden Lane to 666 Fifth Avenue . . . from downtown New York to the heart of today's fashion center . . . from a quaint two-story shop to spacious salons of exquisite taste . . . .

Smartly simple in line, modern in feeling, this new building is an appropriate setting for the *mode moderne*,— a tribute, also, to the Gunther tradition of style and taste. Advance models in Furs are now on display.

666 Fifth Avenue, near 53rd Street, New York

they wouldn't let me forget about it. My broker kept phoning me. "Don't worry, old boy," he would say, "things will come out all right—we look for a sharp reversal any day now—it's bound to rise sooner or later to where you bought it."

Each day I learned a new reason for the stock's latest slide. Call money, gold reserve, brokers' loans, or even the Federal Reserve statement. (And there I was living in a fool's paradise, thinking, in my innocent way, that the Federal Reserve was encamped in Plattsburg!)

THEN came the big slump of last fall. (Why is it always a big slump? I'd like to see a good little slump before I cash in my chips.) Mack Truck skidded with the rest. The stock went down, down, and—down. I wasn't more terrified than usual but I feared the president of the company might be worried. So I wired him: "DON'T WORRY OLD BOY AM STILL BEHIND MACK TRUCK."

The wire must have fallen into the hands of a wisecracking sales manager, because the answer read: "IT'S BETTER TO BE BEHIND A MACK TRUCK THAN IN FRONT OF ONE STOP HAVE YOU SEEN OUR 1929 MODEL."

By this time I owned several other stocks. The virus was in my blood. My hunger for information became insatiable. I hung over the ticker every day. Pretty soon I saw spots before my eyes. Not only spots, but numbers. Not only numbers, but fractions. I went to an oculist. He diagnosed it as a pernicious case of ticker eyes.

I was occupying a divan in a broker's office one morning when a portly gentleman walked by me. "That's Louchheim Minton," whispered the fellow-sufferer in the next chair.

Minton stopped to confer with an-

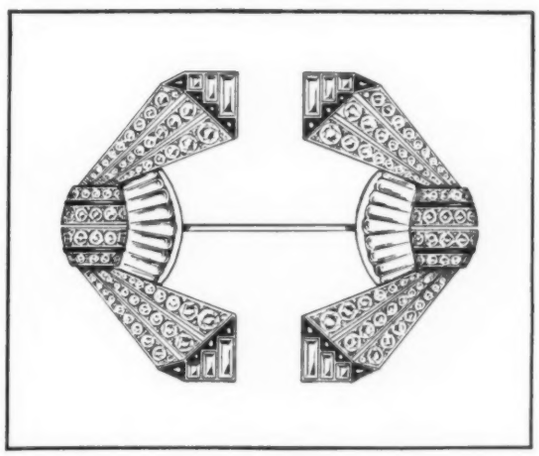
KIRKPATRICK

Pearls Silverware Jewelry

RITZ TOWER

PARK AVENUE *at* 57th STREET

New York



THIS unusual jabot pin another Masterpiece in jewel design by Kirkpatrick craftsmen, is composed of 152 diamonds gracefully supported by 16 pieces of onyx with a beautiful crystal ornament at either end.

15, RUE FÉNELON

Paris

Also in Irresistible Scarsdale

Built like a clipper ship, sound and sturdy,
This charming Normandy farm house.
Oak panelled library, sea-sand plaster, iron sconces.
Living room with windows to terrace and garden.
The master suite boasts a private sitting room,
And a stunning bath with a glass-doored shower.
A child's room has a high vaulted ceiling
Like a Bluebeard's castle—and a balcony.
Let us show you this masterpiece—only $48,000.

Exclusively
Scarsdale
REAL ESTATE
Mrs. Marie D. Kling
ONE CHASE ROAD, SCARSDALE, NEW YORK

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.
Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$7.00
(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

Name.....

Address.....

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other portly gentleman. "Who's he talking to?" I asked.

"Hirsch Lilienthal," I was told.

Two of the greatest financiers in the country! A chance to get some real information! I decided to eavesdrop. I wriggled up next to them and got an earful. All I could hear them say was "Chrysler—wonderful—marvellous—Chrysler—magnificent—Chrysler."

That was enough. I sprinted to my broker and implored him to buy me a thousand shares of Chrysler before it went up.

I could have walked on my hands and still been in plenty of time. It didn't go up. After it had dropped sixteen points that afternoon, I became pretty annoyed. Minton and Lilienthal must have purposely given me a run around, I thought. Oh, if I could only lay my hands on them!

AS luck would have it, I saw Louchheim Minton enter the same broker's office the next day. In a stride I was at his side.

"Are you Louchheim Minton?" I demanded fearlessly.

He nodded.

"Didn't I hear you praising Chrysler yesterday afternoon?" I almost shouted.

"Yes," he said affably, "you certainly did. I think he's America's greatest violinist."—GROUCHO MARX

•

RESOLUTIONS WITH RESERVATIONS

I've had enough of sweet suspense,
I'm going in for common sense
And make my life a rigid diet
Of early hours and peace and quiet
And nice fresh air and Cream of Wheat
And books, and exercise, and sweet,
Reposeful thoughts—oh, I shall be
The essence of tranquillity.
For I have grown too weary of
This agitation known as love.

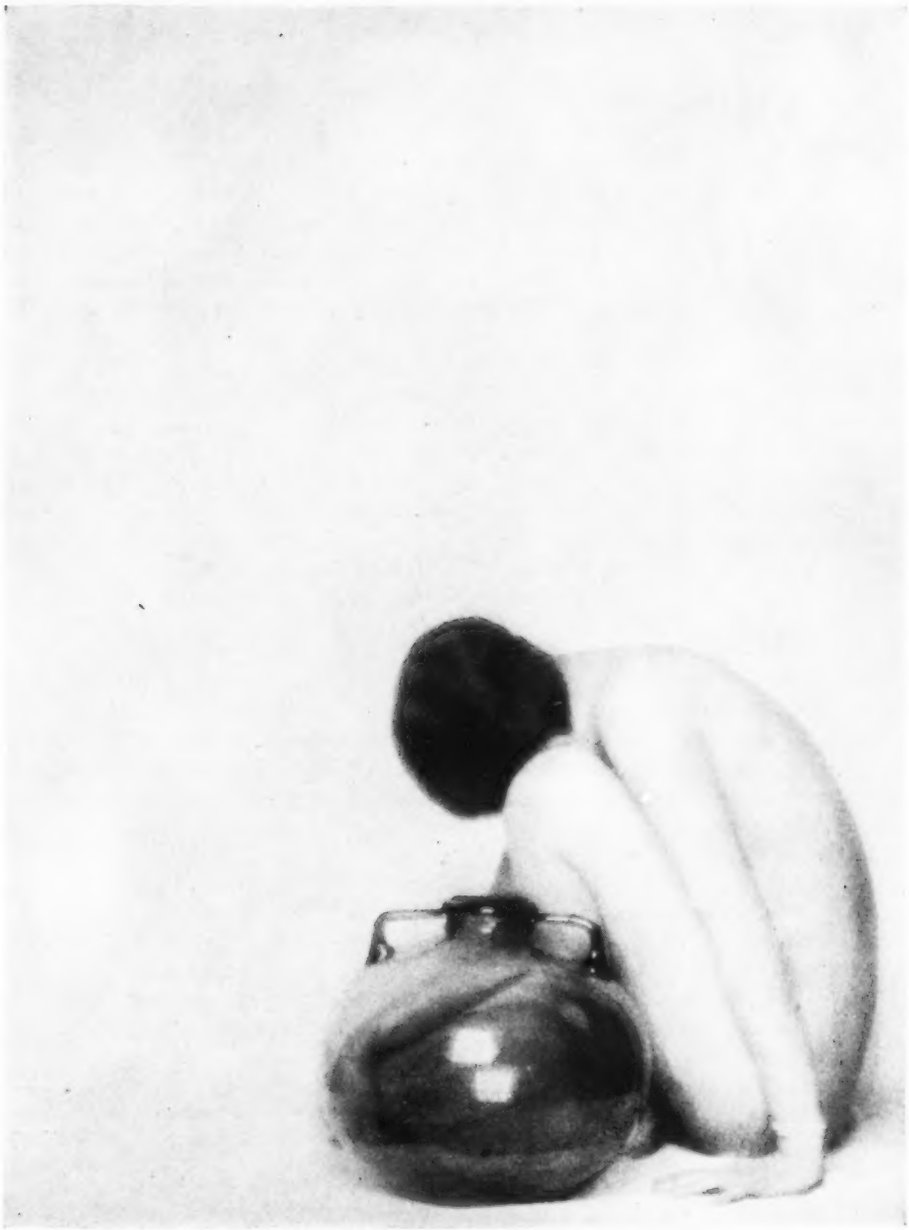
So when you come to see me, dear,
I'll ask you not to interfere
With my determination to
Be wholly undisturbed by you.
I'll ask you to be quite sedate
And calm and very temperate.
And that will be my rule unless
I find such sober happiness
Does not appeal to you—and then
I'll just revert to type again.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

AMOR SKIN

OPOTERAPIA, BERLIN

Note: The price of Amor Skin is $25 a jar. This will not seem extravagant when it is realized that each jar contains sufficient Amor Skin for three months treatment



Beauty and the Tortoise

WOMEN who refuse to grow old have found a marvelous new ally in Amor Skin. Fragrant with the scent of Switzerland's wild peach, this ointment embodies the hormone-bearing substance of young turtles and represents the most recent outstanding contribution of organotherapy.

By revitalizing the hormone-starved cells which lie beneath the skin, Amor Skin erases wrinkles, crows' feet and other marks of age. Endorsed by the University of Berlin and the skin clinic of the University of Bonn, awarded the grand prix in Paris and Florence in 1927, Amor Skin has won recognition that has no parallel in cosmetic history.

Due to the great demand and the limited supply available for importation, it is obvious there will not be enough Amor Skin to meet all requirements this year. We suggest therefore that at the time of purchase, every woman place a reservation order for an additional jar at the end of her first three months treatment.

Single strength for young women . . . $16.50. Double strength for older women and obstinate cases . . . $25.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE INSTRUCTION

Amorskin Corporation, N.Y. 5
205 East 42nd St., New York

I should like to know more about the scientific way in which Amor Skin erases wrinkles and returns youth to the skin.

Please send your descriptive booklet to

M.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PEOPLE entering the portals of Lord & Taylor have always had a comfortable aristocratic feeling, but more and more they have learned to feel excited, and chic as well. And no wonder, for the new clothes for spring and summer are really worth seeing.

There are supreme summer coats, for instance, of white basketweave woollens, with huge double collars of lapin dyed like beaver—the smartest possible example of the brown-and-white summer vogue. There are tennis trousers of white flannel—about the width of Oxford bags at the bottom, adorned with pleats and a belt at the waist, and free of that ampleness in the rear that usually distinguishes this type of garment when it is designed for women. A sleeveless silk blouse is worn with these, and a navy-blue reefer. You can wear the costume for tennis or aboard the yacht of your rich friends when you attend the New London races.

Also grand for informal summer wear in the country are some costumes called Singapore dresses. These have box-pleated skirts of linen; the linen jumpers may be round-necked and sleeveless, or sailor-collared with short sleeves, and are decorated with an anchor motif in contrasting color. Youthful, chic, and costing about $17.50. While you are in the blouse department, look also at the Rumson blouse, a simple affair in jersey with darts shooting away from the round neck and four demure buttons coming down from it; and at the new sweaters in lacy knits, many of them having the new deep V-neckline.

Lord & Taylor also have a lovable habit of grouping clothes according to price. Look at the moderate-priced-coat department (all of them under $59.50) and marvel as I do. The evening-coat problem, in particular, is amazingly well handled here, for circular and swirling capes, coats with odd sleeves, and other models abound in satin and heavy or sheer velvet. The colors are exceptionally good, including burnt-oranges, raspberry pinks, chartreuses, and so on. The workmanship is good, and there are linings, mind you. Prices start at $39.50. Geev-alook.

THERE is absolutely no use in my trying to be witty and gay and cheery in the springtime. I tried and tried to think of some clever opening to this paragraph that would bring us all to the question of permanent waves before you realized it, but the results were so pathetic that there was nothing to do but barge into the subject without preliminary.

In the first place, reputable hairdressers have set a tremendously high standard for the permanent wave. Frizziness and other artificiality, dry and breaking hair, and discoloration are inexcusable at the present time. White hair can be waved without yellowing, for instance. Waves may be either the faintest ripple, capable of being worn straight or finger-waved into undulations, or may consist of tight curls around the face, at the back of the neck, or all over the head. There is no reason, if you go to a good man, why you can't have one wave after another, why the wave cannot be emphasized with a cool iron if you haven't time for a finger wave after washing, why it can't be of a type that you can set yourself, with combs or with the fingers, after swimming or washing.

ALL of which brings us to the subject of Charles Bock, at 20 East Fifty-seventh Street, who is prominent among those who have brought this business of the permanent wave to its highest perfection. Mr. Bock has many talents as a hairdresser, the most enduring of which is a genius for studying the shape of the head and face and deciding how you should coif it. He refuses to bob unless the hair is bobbable, and is expert in deciding whether the forehead and ears are good enough to wear it straight back, whether the neck is long enough to go Garbo, where to thin out the hair to

• •

"I can't wear green—you've no idea what it does to me."

EXTRA QUALITY
REGISTERED
MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX
NEW YORK

A BIENTOT!

THE COLORS, the ravishing chic of the Champs Elysées, the rhythm of Paris in May. Knox has captured these witcheries for you in an adorable little hat of soft felt.

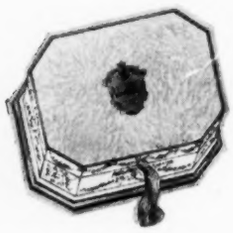
THE WOMEN'S SHOPS OF
KNOX
THE HATTER
711 FIFTH AVENUE *(at 55th)*
452 Fifth Avenue *(at 40th)*
Roosevelt Hotel *(Madison at 45th)*
161 Broadway *(Singer Bldg.)*
Waldorf Hotel *(5th at 34th)*
The Paramount Building *(B'way at 44th)*

And Knox has called it "*A BIENTOT*" because of its piquant charm of line . . . its nonchalance . . . and because it expresses so well the gay camaraderie the name implies . . $25.

From the Paris Studio of Robj
This Beautiful Etched Urn $18

AFTER ALL, IT'S FOR YOUR MOTHER

FOUR DOLLARS THE POUND



Mother's Day is May 12th
And you can't let *her* think that *you* think the best is too good for her!... Carnations may be lovely, but a gift from Verlaine is *divine*... chocolats and fruit glacés, in boxes and bonbonnieres she will treasure long after the candy has been *eaten*... but no more *forgotten* than the devotion which prompted the gift!

Mail orders filled with unusual care.

Verlaine
Chocolats Distingués

SALON LOUIS QUINZE
SAVOY PLAZA HOTEL

SALON EMPIRE
1 EAST 43rd AT FIFTH AVE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date with which it is to take effect.

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.
You have been sending the magazine to—

Name .....

Address .....

Beginning with the issue of .....

☐ FOR .....WEEKS
☐ UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
} PLEASE SEND THE MAGAZINE TO

New Address .....

.....

give the head the best shape, and so on.

In his salon are five different kinds of permanent-waving machines, that can give your hair any type you and he agree on as the most suitable for you. The soundest idea, of course, is to take the time to have your hair washed, waved with an iron, and dressed. When you have the effect that you like, one of the machines can duplicate it perfectly. Mr. Bock is one of those who are sympathetic to people who can't afford to spend two hours in a hairdresser's whenever the hair needs setting, and will show you exactly how to fix it yourself in the minimum amount of time. And his permanents are marvellous—in cases where part of the hair has been waved (on the ends, say) the line of demarcation between the natural and the permanent waves is indistinguishable.

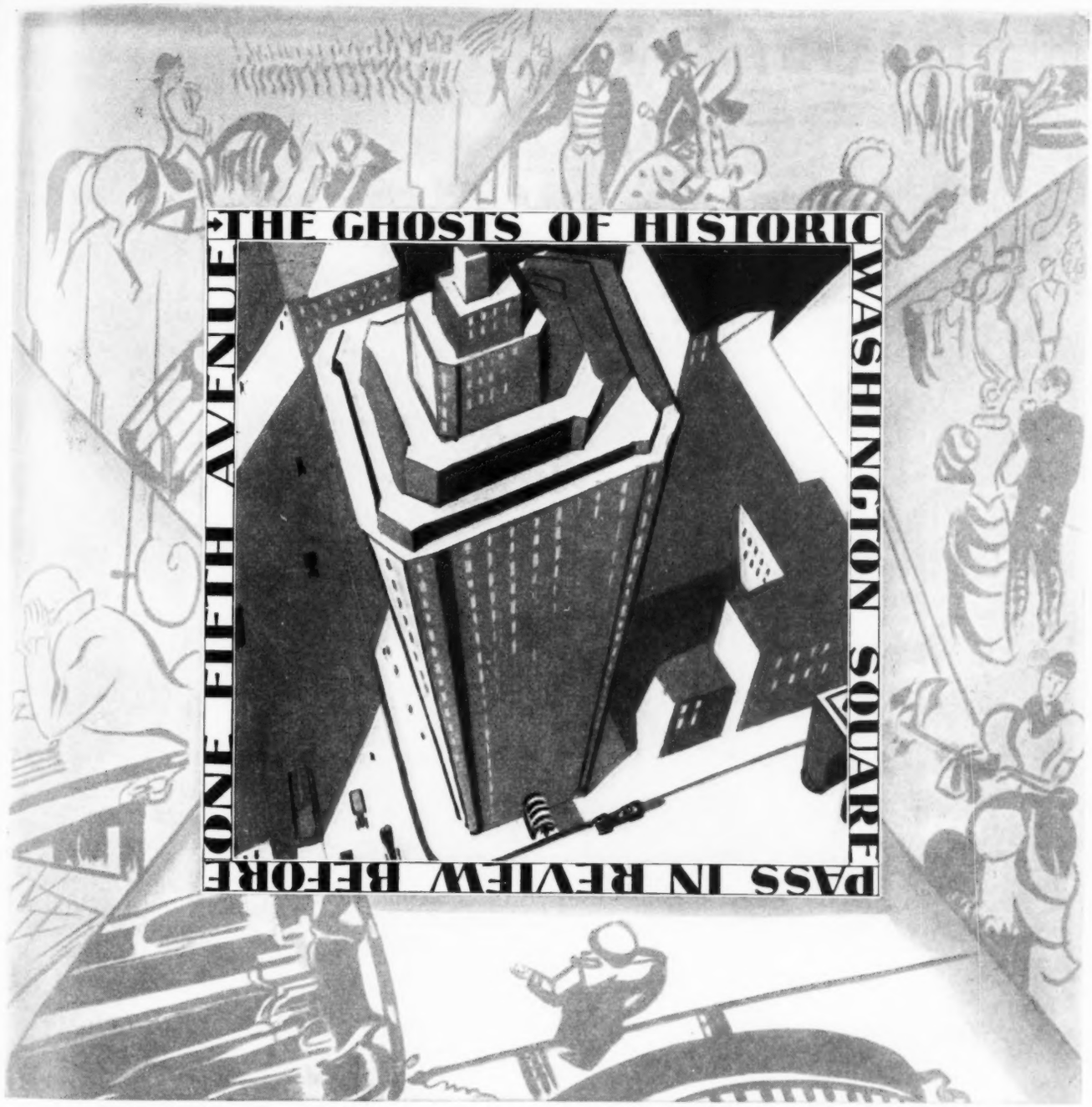
As far as the finger wave is concerned, Mr. Bock believes that a hand dry after the shampoo is far better for the hair than baking it dry flat on the head. He prefers to indicate the natural wave while the hair is drying and, when it is perfectly dry, emphasize the natural wave with a coolish iron. The man is full of good ideas.

AN investigation into the products of Prince Matchabelli, heretofore only known to me by his perfume Princess Norina and by his supreme pine essence for the bath, resulted in my triumphant emergence from his laboratory with no less than four perfumes upon me to emphasize my personality. My right hand was saintly, my left worldly. My right ear was oriental, and my left old-fashioned. The entire effect was enough to turn any man's head. Up to then, I had never had more than one personality at a time.

There is Hicksonique (exclusive with this shop) an exquisite floral odor of slightly oriental trend; Ave Maria, delicate flowers plus a faint incense; Princess Norina, a pungent, spicy scent; and Queen Anne, Bergdorf-Goodman's pet.

One splendid product of his is called Belila, a liquid whitener for the arms and shoulders that is guaranteed not to rub off on your manly escort when you essay the dance. This is a clear amber liquid that does marvels for giving a pearly glow for evening. Another version, which has just appeared, is Bronzina, a red liquid that turns a pleasant beige upon your skin when it dries.

Aside from this, there are lipsticks



WASHINGTON SQUARE! A charmed acreage, in very truth! Pasturage it was, first of all, for the sturdy farmers of the village of Greenwich, long before the Revolution . . . then, Parade Ground for the raw troops of the new Republic. Finally, towards the 60's, came the homes of carriage-borne aristocracy to bask in its tree-filtered sunlight.

In its neighborhood Morse laid by his palette and tinkered with his "idiotic" telegraph. Hopkinson Smith and his beloved "Colonel Carter" called Washington Square their home . . . Henry James, threading its tortuous pathways, learned there how to construct his labyrinthian prose . . . Phantoms, all, of a calmer yesterday!

To-day "the Square" is still quiet, still sun-flecked, still aristocratic. But Stanford White's Arch shadows something new—a latter-day zikkurat, just a few paces northward, called One Fifth Avenue. In it dwell folk to whom "atmosphere" spells something more than circulating ozone, who relish "background" and yet appreciate modern comfort in surroundings of quiet dignity. Here indeed they walk in beauty—literally. For the floors are "clothed" in the deep-piled luxury of Mohawk fabrics.

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

© 1929 MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

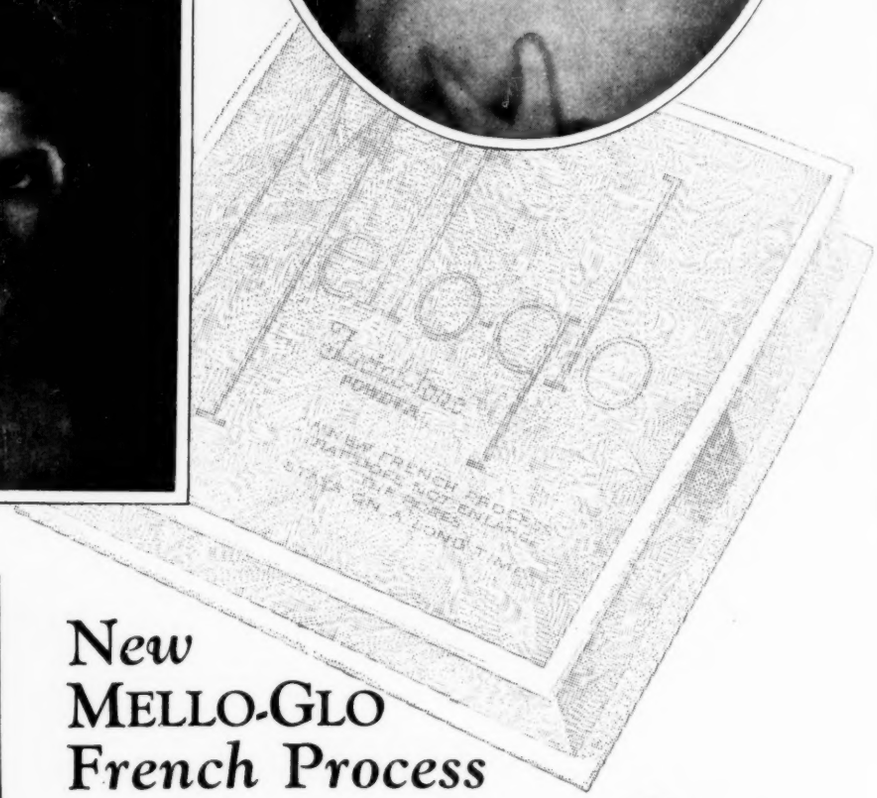
New, Wonderful Face Powder Stays On Longer

Miss Margaret Hatfield, daughter of Judge Charles S. Hatfield of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, and Mrs. Hatfield, is known as one of the real beauties in Washington society.

Miss Dorothy Dial, a favorite in the younger set, is the daughter of Senator and Mrs. Nathaniel B. Dial of South Carolina. Miss Dial has the magnolia-smooth skin of the southern beauty.

Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion.

Studies posed especially for MELLO-GLO by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.
"Photographers to the Elite of the World"



New MELLO-GLO French Process Prevents Large Pores

Society's loveliest women at the National Capital and every other social center know that MELLO-GLO Face Powder is so wonderful—so distinctive—so exceptional. These beautiful women use MELLO-GLO exclusively because it stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this new, wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.

MELLO-GLO HAS BECOME SO POPULAR AMONG BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, THAT ANY STORE TRYING TO SUBSTITUTE IS DOING YOU AN INJUSTICE

and triple and double and single compacts, all in black with a gold crown upon them—very regal; paste eye-shadow in green and blue and brown (don't put powder over them on your eyelids—the slippery look is perfectly grand, to my mind), perfect soaps in Norina fragrance, and an excellent filmy face powder in Arabique, ivory, rachel, naturelle, and rose tint.

All of the products are beautifully put up. I would hint at Matchabelli perfume in a vast quantity to your most liberal friends, for those bottles in the form of a royal crown would make wonderful liqueur decanters when their usefulness on your dressing-table had passed. The products are to be found at Hickson and Bergdorf-Goodman, and a few of them at high-class shops elsewhere. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Gadgets for the Kitchen —Outdoors and In

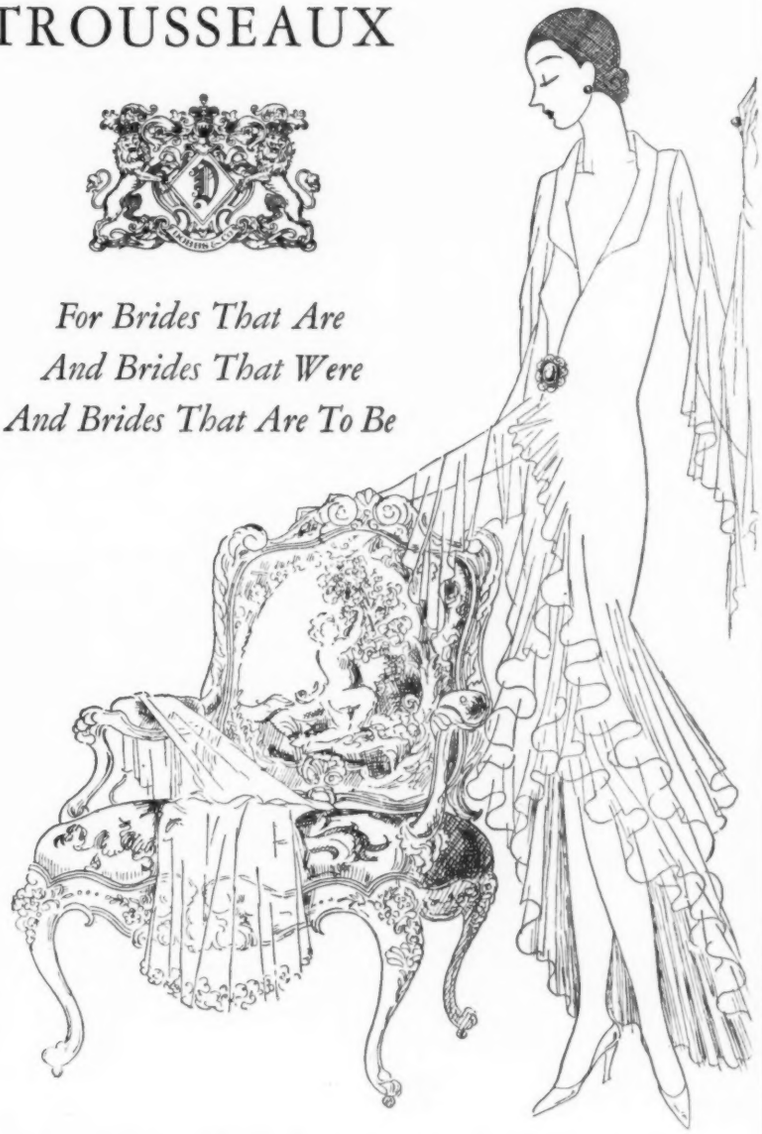
THE Architectural Show has been and gone, and the thing that most impressed me, among all the cute little stone cottages and the great big skyscrapers, was the Telephone Company's display, which involved a group of new tiled phone booths and had nothing whatever to do with this department. I had fun, however, watching the Frigidaire cold-control feature (which is really awfully good, because you can make ice cubes in practically half the accustomed time by turning the little control switch—highly recommended for that man-of-destiny feeling) and a gas refrigerator unaccountably called Electrolux. This, it appears, is something I should have seen long ago, it having been invented some years since and all sorts of superlatives being claimed for it. Certainly, it seemed to be about as noiseless and as simple to operate as such things come; maybe you might like to look at it if electricity is, or even if it isn't, one of the lacks about your country place (I will give this column unity somehow). Address Servel Sales, Inc., 51 East Forty-second Street. Frigidaire is at 39 West Forty-fifth Street.

IN the meantime, my notebook, which accompanies this girl reporter every-

DOBBS

TROUSSEAUX

For Brides That Are
And Brides That Were
And Brides That Are To Be



Lingerie . . . in shimmering satins of rare richness, crepes de Chine of unusual softness, chiffons of shadowy sheerness . . . with the added charm of delicate embroidery or the loveliness of beige lace.

Sophisticated wisps of lingerie from Paris, handmade to the last clever tuck—or important pieces from the finest of our makers . . . in a rich profusion of beauty that defies description but is destined to bring joy to every feminine heart.

Dobbs presents an exclusive Showing of Trousseaux in the Dobbs Lingerie Room.

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

". . . because you love nice things"

Observe the Singlette—created by Van Raalte! "Away", its designers said, "with extra layers of fabric, extra shoulder straps, overlapping of undergarments! Let's evolve *one* foundation to serve for all!" A fascinating version is the *tailored* Singlette above. Made of heavy *glove silk* No. 9665—$8. Made of *V-R Tex* (that superior rayon and silk mixture) No. 9265—$4.

VAN RAALTE
Singlettes

VAN RAALTE CO., 295 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

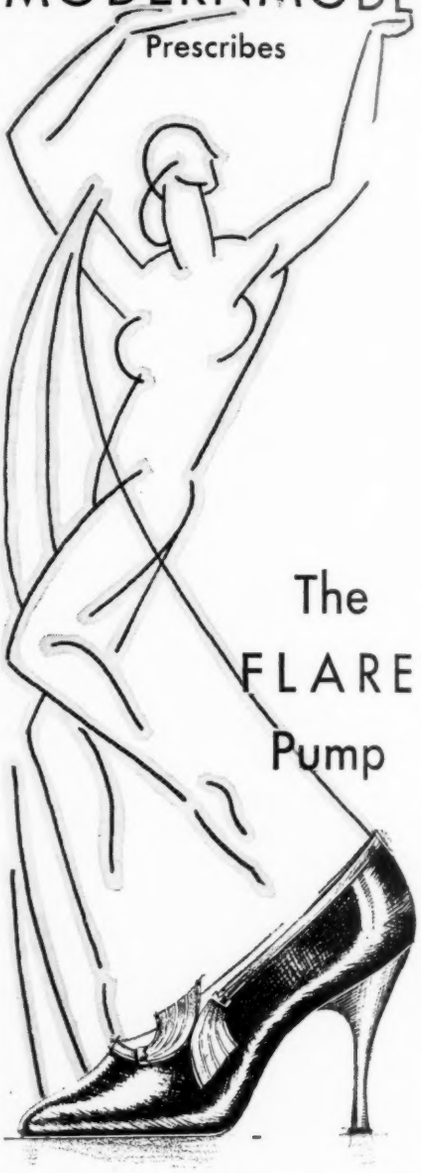
where, is bursting with accumulated notes warranted to go stale unless used at once. These offerings, therefore, are being set down, hit or miss, in the hope that things will straighten themselves out somehow without ending in a headache all around:

Lewis & Conger, Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, bless their old home-loving hearts, have five new electrical devices: (1) A special safety-plug for your impetuous treasure, who jerks every cord in the house from its moorings if you don't watch her every minute; this has a little plunger, painted red, which takes up the shock and protects the cord. It also has a current-control button to make it absolutely foolproof. (2) A garment bag which hooks up to your vacuum-cleaner so that you can blow moth-poison through the whole outfit, protecting everything inside, and then use the vacuum suction to draw out all the camphor odor when you are ready to use the things again. Also excellent for airing, in the same manner, blankets and things you hate to expose to soot, etc., in the roof drying-yard. (3) A new grill for bacon, ham, or your breakfast sausage; has drip-pan to catch the grease and a little alarm bell that rings when the broiling has reached the proper point —the ultimate convenience! (4 and 5) Mr. Edison's two latest inspirations —the Siphonator, which can do coffee and tea at the same time when put to it, and the Edicraft toaster, an automatic arrangement that toasts two slices on both sides at once, popping open when your toast is as brown as you like it to be. Dear, dear, what an age we live in.

LORD & TAYLOR have some noble sheer table-linens you should see at any cost. These range from luncheon and bridge sets of printed voile at $18.50 and its close neighborhood to a French import of white organdie with a lot of pastel-colored appliqué; price, $145. This is a formal dinner cloth, napkins being of matching sheer linen, for service. All these flimsy little nothings make perfectly inspirational tables for summer meals; a pleasant idea, into the bargain, for our little needlewoman who has bought a few yards too many of printed voile for curtains, or something more personal.

WANDERING casually through Stern's on three separate occasions, these things leaped into focus: A willow chaise that rocks with a

MODERNMODE
Prescribes



The FLARE Pump

For that malady known as Spring fashion fever, Modernmode prescribes this irresistible new flare pump . . . A pump of such slenderness and charm . . . it will prove a sparkling tonic to the shoe wardrobe of young sophisticates.

Navy blue, mat or brown kid. (Watersnake at $14.50.) Narrow heel fitting—AAA to C.

12.50

MODERNMODE
Footwear
535 Fifth Avenue
Between 44th and 45th Streets

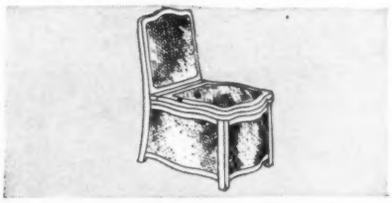
gentle, swaying, forward-and-back motion. This is built—purposely, I don't doubt—on dogsled lines, and is luxuriously cushioned all along its length with down puffs covered in a simply divine blue fabric. Inquiry revealed this as a waterproof substance called Permatex; you can buy it by the yard on one of the lower floors for eighty-five cents. It comes in bright, clear colors and makes waterproofed chintz look a little bit ill.

A five-inch loudspeaker, all covered in mother-of-pearl in such a manner that it wouldn't be disastrous if one of your perspicacious guests did haul it out of its hiding place; $12.50, and a good, sound tone. They have it in plain, unadorned mother-of-pearl; don't accept substitutes that will match your color scheme.

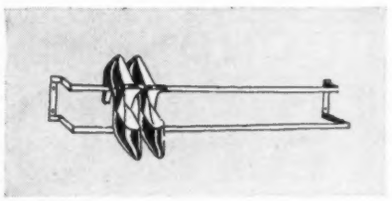
Several big leather fire-buckets from Olde England, all stamped with authentic crests and mottoes—the very wastebasket for your country library, if it's atmosphere you crave. Also wall brackets of wrought metal, carrying little ivy pots; a plant stand of similar nature, with three plaid pots, is $5. Single tile tables with metal legs, also $5. Simply everything for outdoor rooms.

ENCOURAGEMENT NOTE: Macy, with the good of the race at heart, has now stepped forward with a budget home—a bit of encouragement to our hesitant lads and lassies. Actual photographs and figures are submitted to prospective customers, proving that the store can furnish, complete, a two-room apartment with kitchen and bath, and keep the total expenditure under $1,000. You get, by this arrangement (which is not a cut-rate plan at all, but simply a piece of clever budgeting), not only the bare necessities of life, but also such items as curtains and the rods to hang them on, a dozen each of the several kinds of towel, forty-three pieces of table china, and an etching for the living-room. Furniture is maple throughout; early American. Over and above all, you don't have to make the day's journey through the store to do it; simply announce your interest at the Personal Service Bureau, fourth floor, West Building. The rest is a mere matter of photographs

SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray AT LEWIS & CONGER

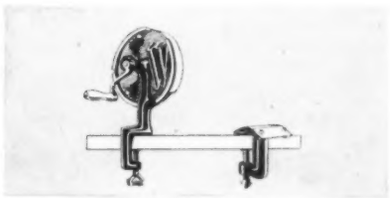


AMAZING the improvement in the appearance of the bathroom since I put in a Toilet Chair! This is of smooth white cane with a white enameled wood frame. It fits down right over the bowl and hides it completely. $45.00. (Also on special order in any color for $50.00)

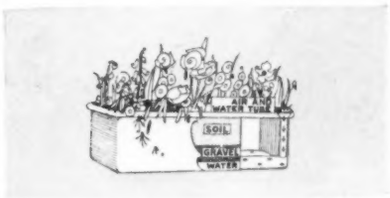


THERE was a time when I used to scold my young hopefuls about the clutters of shoes on their closet floors. Now with Shoe Racks fastened on the back of every closet door, all is serene. Shoe Racks perch the shoes in neat rows away from the floor—safe from trampling. They are either 20″ or 24″ long, bronze finish. $2.00 a pair.

I'VE found the Vegetable Binet a grand thing to have. It's made of light, strong steel, perforated all over. This gives the free circulation of air that keeps the contents fresh. Mine has five bins. I paid $9.00 for it.



THIS time of year the family develops a string-bean complex. A Stringer speeds up the preparation considerably. I just draw the beans over its guarded blade and zr-r-p—off peel the strings. 75c. The Bean Cutter slivers them for me. Feed the beans through its two slots, turn a handle and out they drop, all diagonally sliced. $2.50



I FIND Savo Flower Boxes equally good for either indoor or outdoor window ledges. Savos have a special reservoir in the bottom. And from this the roots absorb water in a natural way. Consequently the plants thrive, and bloom happily. My Savos are 8″ high, 29″ long. $4.00 each.

AFTER the Big Chief skidded in the bath tub and wrenched himself, I bought a Foot-Sure Tub Mat to prevent future mishaps of that sort. It's of white rubber and lies flat in the tub. Its numerous suction cups hold it so firmly to the bottom of the tub that it's impossible to slip. $2.95

Janet Gray

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New York City, Telephone Vanderbilt 0571

—FOR MEN IN THE GRAND CENTRAL DISTRICT—
At Maillard's Restaurant there is a special room reserved for men, with a separate entrance on 47th Street, between Madison and Vanderbilt Avenues. It has the atmosphere of the finest club and the added advantage of quick and dexterous service. The food, of course, is unsurpassed.

Maillard's
Madison Avenue at 47th Street

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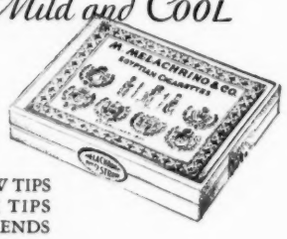
MELACHRINO
CIGARETTES
Mild and Cool



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CORK TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
10 for 15c
Large Size 30c

Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon

THE UNION TOBACCO COMPANY
511 Fifth Avenue, New York City B. 5-4-29
Gentlemen:—
I am a bridge player and would like to have your Melachrino-Bridge offer of (1) 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends, (2) the score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge (3) two packs of the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards, *free of any advertising*, bearing my monogram, $4.75 value, for which I enclose my check for $2.50.

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Name_____
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City_____ State_____

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Waiter: *"Your order, sir?"*
"Caviar, bluepoints, a choice filet mignon, your best dessert, and MELACHRINOS."

WHEN ORDINARY CIGARETTES WON'T DO—SMOKE MELACHRINOS

and samples, always providing you aren't a chronic skeptic with a passion for hiking under difficulties. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

Here Comes the Groom

A BRIDEGROOM may not be very noticeable at his wedding but he has the chance of a lifetime; he decides what his best man and ushers will wear, and he can make sure that they will not outshine him. Of course, he should be dignified—with, for example, a lavender-gray waistcoat, spats of linen or box cloth to match, and a gray patterned ascot. His best man might wear fawn-colored waistcoat and spats, and a gray ascot with a different pattern. The ushers could wear black waistcoats, fawn spats, and bow ties. For a summer wedding, especially out of town, white waistcoats are smart for the ushers, though they are too informal for the groom.

Wing collars are best, and with them ascots or bows are strictly correct. Four-in-hands are worn most often in this country, but they always seem like a compromise.

PRESENT-DAY morning coats are distinguished from their predecessors by having no braid, rather squared shoulders, snugly fitted waists with the seam dead at the natural waistline—instead of an inch below—bone buttons, and peaked rather than notched lapels. Just as in any jacket, the sleeves should be cut high in the armpits and made as tight as comfort allows, especially at the wrist; and they should be short enough to show an inch or so of white starched cuff.

It is well to have a waistcoat made of the same material as the coat, because there are some occasions when a gay waistcoat is inappropriate. The double-breasted ones have been rather overdone, and, for that matter, the single-breasted are better-looking: they follow the line of the cutaway, and they are less bulky at the waist.

The material of the coat may be plain or fancy worsted, cashmere, cheviot, or vicuña in black or very dark gray (I prefer black). Trousers are usually made of gray striped worsted or cashmere, and should be in definite contrast to the coat.

It is dangerous to trust the making

of a morning coat to any but the best of tailors. Often cutters who do well enough with a lounge suit lack the experience and background necessary to adapt the strict traditions of formal clothes to the idiosyncrasies of your figure. Good tailors are not so much more expensive when you consider the length of time that you usually wear such a suit.

THE chief fault of the morning coats of erstwhile ushers, that you see dashing around town on a bright Sunday, is that the tails are sometimes too short, but more often too long, reaching an inch or two below the bend of the knee, the place where a good cutaway should stop. The appearance of these young men is also marred by their top hats, and the ways they wear them. Sometimes the shape is curious—an extremely tapered crown and a flat brim—or the proportion of a good hat may be wrong for the man who is wearing it. Or, if the hat is right, the way it is worn may suggest a stage comedian.

It is difficult to get such a hat made to order in this country, but at Brooks you can find a representative selection of the Lock hats, of which there are several styles. It is best to try one on before a full-length mirror, and then wear it with only a slight tilt, if any.

FASHION writers talk a lot about boots with colored box-cloth uppers, but they are worn by very few men either here or abroad. Oxfords of patent calf with stitched toecaps and no perforations are the best choice. De Pinna has imported some of these from France, Saks-Fifth Avenue have some from England, and French, Shriner & Urner make them here.

THE groom, to insure uniformity, usually buys his ushers' gloves, spats, ties, collars, and boutonnières; and if he wants them to wear fancy waistcoats, he buys those too. All the large stores have special services to help him. At Tripler the groom registers his name and the names of his ushers and their addresses. He selects the things he wants them to wear and the shop takes care of the rest, sending letters to each man asking him to come in for a fitting, or if he is out of town, to send his sizes so that the clothes can be mailed. Brooks, Saks-Fifth Avenue, De Pinna, and many of the smaller shops, including Albert Leonard George and Vought & Raskin, will give a similar service. —G. McC.

Your amazement that underthings of such royal loveliness could be so humble in price is nothing to your delight at the way these dainties made of Bemberg wear and wash and wear and wash and keep their silky charm.

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BRAND YARN

Soft, white, supple yarn made from pure dissolved fibres, spun into very fine threads, by an exclusive, stretch-spinning process, giving unusual strength and pliability. It has a natural lustre similar to silk and contains filaments of the same number and fineness.

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AT THE

Peggy Sage

SALON

Where arm and hand culture produce the symmetrical beauty . . . the soft, white texture of the skin so essential to the evening gown. Where you may make an appointment for one or seven different beauty treatments and know that whether it be for a manicure or a permanent wave, you will find only the most expert operators specializing in their respective fields. Where the comfort, convenience and satisfaction of the customer exceeds every other consideration.

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Arm Culture
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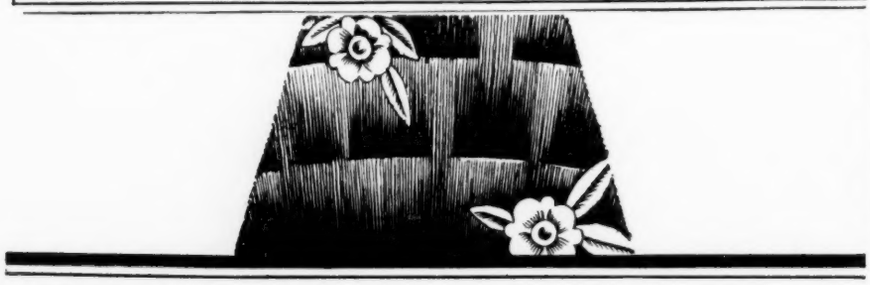
Permanent Waving

Telephone Plaza 9011
for all appointments.

The Peggy Sage Salon

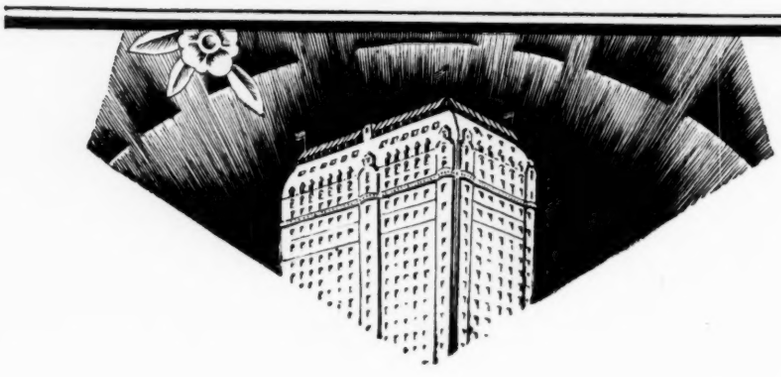
50 EAST 57TH STREET

SOUTHAMPTON *New York* PALM BEACH



A SUMMER BASE in town . . . now an absolute necessity for nomadic New Yorkers. A room or suite in the exquisite Addition . . . on a St. Regis summer lease . . . conforms with New Yorkers' ideas of residential seclusion and graciousness . . . during their in-and-out-of-town summer programs. Also, by-the-day accommodations, fall and yearly leases.

HOTEL ST. REGIS
EAST 55TH ST., COR. FIFTH AVE.



SIDELIGHTS ON A SIMPLE SOUL

[AGAIN WITH A BOW TO CHARLES G. SHAW]

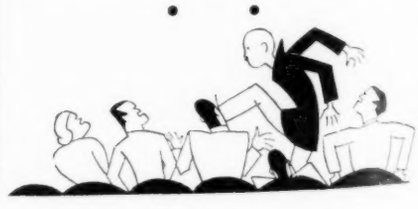
SHE has never been able to see why a mediocre antique is preferable to a decent reproduction. Horses give her keen aesthetic satisfaction, but cars to her are merely a means of getting around, and she cannot conceive why anyone visits the Automobile Show. Symbolical dramas bore her, and so do department-store Italian interiors. She confesses a weakness, however, for Early American living-rooms, and for *style moderne* bathrooms. "What Price Glory" she looks back upon as the best play she ever saw.

Her favorite people are locomotive engineers, taxi-drivers, lawyers, cowpunchers, if genuine, Jewish doctors, and George Bancroft; and any young man with a worried look she falls for helplessly. She is not attracted by authors, accomplished lovers, undergraduates, bond salesmen, John Barrymore, and people who call the man they work for The Chief. She gets on beautifully with grouchy old gentlemen who bite everybody's head off. She knows that when she has seen as much of the world as they have, she will feel just the way they do.

She loves Hollywood. Its tropical growths of ego do not annoy but, on the contrary, refresh and divert her. She would relish living in any place where to be yourself both loud and long is the only rule of society.

Rows of prosperous suburban homes afflict her with a strange depression. Sunday motoring on Long Island reduces her to a pitiable state, and she has been known to lie down and scream at the sight of a residential development named Heathcote Crest. She would rather live in Dead Horse Valley, Nevada, than in Montclair. Her first choice among American cities is San Francisco, and next to that New York. She thinks Anglophiles are silly, but would be pleased if her son (sixteen years hence) elected to go to Oxford.

WHEN unaccompanied she loves to wander among the glittering counters of Woolworth's, munching an ice-cream sandwich; but if caught



at this occupation she cannot suppress an apologetic mien. Christmas-tree ornaments fill her with simple delight. She adores Russian gypsy music beyond all things, and the Russian Eagle of romantic memory was the only individual night club whose passing has seemed to her worth a tear. She is fond of snails, *varenèki* (with sour cream), veal scallopini with mushrooms, and in fact almost any kind of exotic and highly seasoned food; but she must have her green vegetables.

It is her boast that unerringly, on meeting a person, she can tell whether he voted for Smith or Hoover, and how he stands on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. She prefers extroverts to introverts, the thirteenth century to the sixteenth, the shades of blue to the shades of red, snappy pajamas to trailing negligees. She craves expensive shoes more than expensive hats, and she is foolishly susceptible to silver kid mules, turkish-toed mules, and mules with ostrich curlicues. She is relieved to find herself indifferent in the matter of honest-to-goodness jewelry, but she likes those ephemeral gewgaws from Patou and Lelong.

She actively dislikes ready-made riding habits and New York voices. The latter, she concludes, get that way from competition with compressed-air riveters and the "L."

The reredos of St. Thomas' is to her the most beautiful indoor thing in the city. She always feels religious in Gothic churches, and the chaste interior of an old New England meeting house woos her back to her dark Puritan past. She has never successfully made up her mind whether she would rather be loved for her beauty or her brains.

After a long struggle, she has grown to like ginger ale with whiskey almost as well as straight ginger ale.

—Helena Huntington Smith

•

SEASONAL STATISTIC

Experts are busy computing,
And able to prove for their pains
A steady increase in commuting
On Jersey and Westchester trains.

—P. C.

•

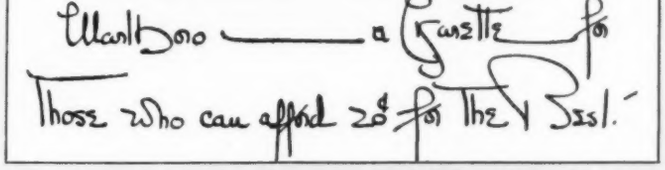
Her death certificate quoted the date of her birth as 1791, when Mexico was still a province of Spain and gave pneumonia as the cause.—*Reno* (*Nev.*) *Evening Gazette.*

Pneumonia nothing—it was lethargy.

Miss **Eve Ellis** *of Southampton, N.Y.*

SECOND PRIZE WINNER
March, 1929 Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

Miss Ellis Writes:



Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

MARLBORO

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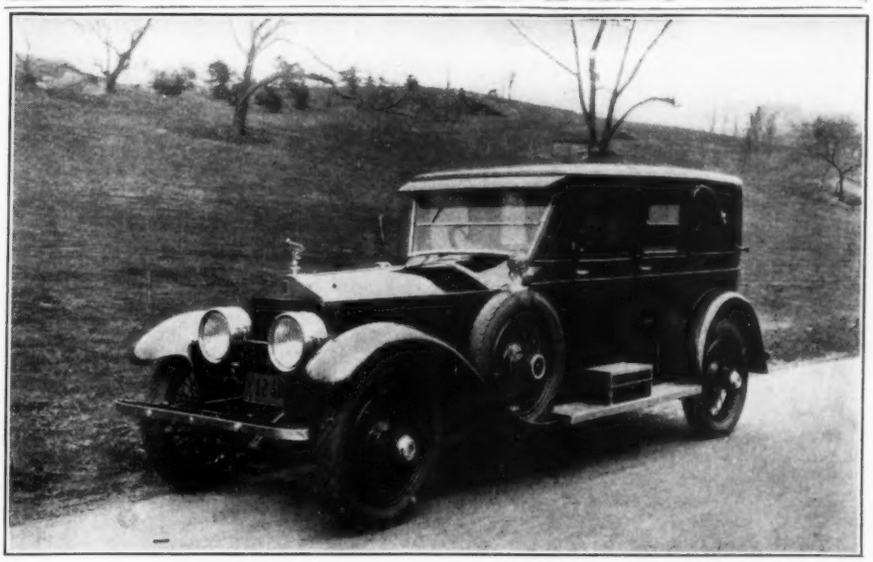

HERE is an unusual opportunity to own the most aristocratic of cars at a very low price. A four-year-old Rolls Royce, with special limousine body, may be purchased for $4,000. Originally cost $14,000; has been used very little and is in excellent condition.

May be seen at the Mammoth Garage, 410 East 54th Street, or write box R.F.R. 1, The New Yorker

The Newest Brunswick Record

COQUETTE

—the theme song of Mary Pickford's newest and greatest picture of the same name.

IRVING BERLIN

wrote "Coquette" and put into this ballad all the heart throbs and sentiment that *is* Irving Berlin.

BEN BERNIE

And his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra play it so that it will bring back every dear and cherished memory. "Scrappy" Lambert sings the chorus.

"Till We Meet"

The smoothest Foxtrot that has graced a Brunswick Record in years—played as only Ben Bernie could play it—with "Scrappy" Lambert singing the vocal refrain. *4284*

NICK LUCAS

sings *"Coquette"*

Berlin's inimitable lyrics sung by Nick Lucas. This record would make any Coquette want to be called "Sweetheart".

"I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling"

—Nick Lucas suffers heart vertigo and vocalizes about its symptoms. *4302*

Brunswick

ELECTRICAL RECORDS

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Good Opera Revived —Recitalists in Review

ONE of the most worth-while operatic revivals of recent years must be credited to the Little Theatre Opera Company, which concluded its second season at the Heckscher Theatre last week. The opera revived was "The Chocolate Soldier," and it may be that "The Chocolate Soldier" isn't an opera; but if it isn't, then "Carmen" is no opera, nor is "The Bartered Bride."

During the first act of "The Chocolate Soldier," I became convinced that here was one of the neglected masterpieces of our time. The second act and the caudal appendage that passes for a third restored a more critical equilibrium, but it still seems to me that there has been little composed in this century that matches for sheer charm and ingenuity the first thirty minutes or so of "The Chocolate Soldier." Even an orchestra that resisted with memorable tenacity the efforts of the excellent Mr. Reddick to obtain something like unanimity could not obscure the delicate and waggish scoring of Oscar Straus or damage seriously a musical texture which is not nearly so simple as it sounds.

The Little Theatre players performed the opera in the familiar translation of Stanislaus Stange, which would not suffer for a bit of refurbishing. Some of the comicalities are wheezes in more senses than one, but the fundamental satire which was borrowed from "Arms and the Man" twinkles through the lines, and it probably would be no severe task to renovate the libretto. As it stands, wheezes and all, it remains one of the best of its kind.

THE production epitomized the virtues and shortcomings of this organization. The settings were handsomely contrived and the ensemble singing remarkably good throughout. There was teamwork, and everyone was in the picture. Mr. Reddick tempered the orchestra to accommodate one or two slightly shorn voices and his tempi were properly *Wienerisch*. Of course, the orchestra itself is a problem that will have to be solved.

the party factory grows up

at first we concentrated on giving children's parties.

but since then . . . some *terre haute* bachelors wanted to be merry, to be *pirates* for an evening . . . a treasure hunt in *san francisco* needed a treasure . . . fifty-two members of a well-known *winston-salem* family had a reunion . . .

so in self defense we've had to take on the adults, too. hence, if it's a party —for young moderns or grown up moderns—

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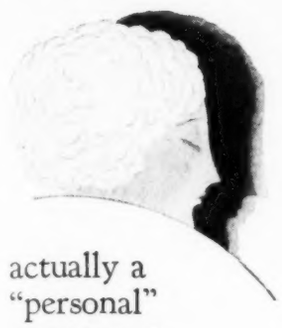
BRIDES' GIFTS

ever so pleasing are the dainty but useful little items . . . things she loves because they are personal . . this figured ash receiver which is removable comes in green or black at $6, while the dainty set of 3 satin pillows 9 x 12 in pastel shades is $12.

Write for "The Dream of Every Bride" illustrating hundreds of other gifts.

HEATHER'S

The Heather-Mathews Co. Inc. 411-5th Avenue, New York



actually a "personal" permanent

are we presumptuous? *but* how else shall we describe a wave that may be soft and flowing, or crisp and sleek, or other things—all according to your type?

the operator studies your face and your hair before he does a single thing! *and* then, aided by a marvelous machine and his own sure fingers, he achieves a result that is—but look in the mirror, *madame,* just look!

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HERE'S a real home which cost its owner $75,000—offered to immediate purchaser for $55,000—on two lots alone worth $30,000—in exclusive section of Great Neck, L. I. In perfect condition, 11 rooms; every convenience; ready for occupancy without renovation; 5-room apartment over 4-car garage; Free of mortgage—attractive terms. For further details write or phone Mrs. R. B. Budge, 210 E. 15 St., N. Y. Algonquin 7311.

Perhaps one of the generous ladies who make a business of founding instrumental groups will present the Little Theatre Company with a band. That would be a notable benefaction.

Staging "The Chocolate Soldier" is tricky business. The title rôle calls for a subtle comedian with an operatic voice, and this anomaly is not to be found in semiprofessional companies. The direction was bright and occasionally frisky, but a trifle too much in the classic light-opera manner. There was a startlingly good newcomer in the cast—Miss Alice Atkins, whose Mascha may tempt managers to do a little raiding—and the rest were competent or better.

As I have intimated in other weeks, the Little Theatre Opera Company merits your patronage.

WITH a concert by John MacCormack at the Hippodrome this Sunday evening, the recital season comes to a close. It has been a year which has brought with it no astonishing débutants, although there have been plenty of appearances by established celebrities, who did nothing much to send accountants scampering after new balance sheets for a revised estimate of their assets and liabilities. Of the new arrivals, the most vivid was Victor Chenkin, who is a *diseur* rather than a platform singer.

Continuous attendance at concert halls for the past seven months tempts me to observe that there seems to be something dyspeptically static about the whole system of recital-giving. Pianists and violinists who have a degree of technical accomplishment and no more individuality than a seventy-five-cent table d'hôte have been pitched to the stage for the gratification of no one except a few personal admirers. Singers have carried into public a few stunts derived from the studio and applied them to songs which used to be sure-fire and which have become sure boredom.

All of it has become a routine which beginners follow with no semblance of intelligence, and which even experienced artists have come to accept as a matter of course. A few comparatively recent importations, such as Gieseking and Horowitz, have built up audiences, but most of the new musicians have had to be content with houses so heavily papered that a stray spark would have started a blaze. I fear that musicians will have to begin to think, if there is to be any improvement in the situation.

—R. A. S.

¶ When the owner plans, builds and manages apartment homes ..... *there is a difference*

◆

Occupancy Early Summer 1929

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285 MADISON AVENUE
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neck and neck

if you must . . . said clever cinema customer but first see how it's done . . . look at love well screened in

the paramount

where
paramount's "betrayal" is enacted by emil jannings . . . offering nothing in speech, but much in acting . . . semi-silent, this picture!

and on the stage
are rudy vallee and his connecticut yankees in "castle of dreams" . . . eight musical knights in camelot.

at the organs
joined in harmony are the jesse crawfords crescending up and piping down . . . technically speaking of course!

at the rivoli—united artists

soft o'er the waters, sweetly beams the southern moon in mary pickford's "coquette" . . . and even sweeter is her accent . . . but there's not a julep in a jugful.

at the rialto

in full chorus is "close harmony" . . . missing are "sweet adeline" and "massa's in the cold, cold ground" . . . for this is music, mirth and melody with nancy carroll buddy rogers, talking, singing, paramounting.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Lost Lady Begins Paying and Paying Again

THAT grandiloquent old relic of the drama, "Madame X," has been unearthed at the Harris Theatre by the all-talking movies, and with striking success; it is to be recommended to all those who regret the scarcity of opportunity the brisk modern stage offers for an old-fashioned cry. Thanks to the astute direction of Lionel Barrymore, and to the first-rate performance of Ruth Chatterton, an illusion of modernity is given the trite story of a woman who pays and pays and pays because of her marital indiscretion, a "lost lady" who is driven at last to commit murder and then finds herself defended in the courts by her own son.

WHAT has been done cleverly in the movie, and could hardly have been presented so quickly and so tellingly on the stage, is the tracing of the gradual dissolution of the woman's character and the portrayal of the lowering degrees of her fortunes. We see her first in Paris, still the lady, though driven from her husband's house and forbidden to look upon her infant son. There follow, in three quick flashes, scenes in China, in Honolulu, and in Buenos Aires, each a step downward in her ebbing fate, and each characterized clearly by Miss Chatterton with a reality that takes no account of the traditional ambition of a movie star always to be soignée and alluring. At last she is back in Paris, after all these years of wandering misery, and is driven to the murder which brings her into the courts and to the tardy realization that her own son is her attorney.

The court scene depends largely upon the photography for its effects. The son, played by Raymond Hackett, does not suggest for an instant the sort of youth who would choose the law for a profession; he is the typical pretty-boy juvenile. However, for a scene of mother love and a mother's sacrifice written in the grand manner, it is momentarily more effective to have him thus than to present him as a shrewd young fellow who is sure to get ahead and become a leading attorney, as is testified by the murmurs

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of the audience at the end that it is so sad they wouldn't have missed the picture for anything.

THE Chevalier film, "Innocents of Paris," is sad also, but in another way. It is deplorable and unpardonable that such talent as Maurice Chevalier's should have been slaughtered and martyred on the pyre of such a picture as this one. In it, to be sure, he is allowed to sing, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, and those scarce moments are full of charm. Also, there are momentary opportunities for his delightful pantomime, with all its airiness of the Place Clichy. But not all his ability can save the evening from being one of pain and duress. A Hollywood Paris is shown us, and the traditional singing-fool plot of the rise of a young man to theatrical eminence, his career upward being involved with his pure love, more Michigan than Gallic in concept, for a sweet and demure lassie—as well as being enlightened by the counsel of one of those little children of wisdom now esteemed by the film Nestors.

MUCH more French in character and quite amusing is the actual French film, "Loves of Casanova," at the Little Carnegie Playhouse, a silent picture colored now and again with rather post-cardy tints. This follows only four or five of the two hundred and thirty-seven love affairs which occupied this gallant until he retired to a sedate old age of literary endeavor.

Nothing else especially entertaining is to be found in the new films except possibly the acting and appearance of Corinne Griffith in "Saturday's Children," at the Strand. This follows the temperate clear-headed play closely, and Miss Griffith even suggests at times, in her diction and mannerism, Ruth Gordon, who played her part originally. There are only talking sequences in this, and pictorially it is not exciting.

CONCERNING the other three new movies of the moment, we can only say that they are not worth bothering about. "Close Harmony" is vaudeville life again. "The Donovan Affair," at Roxy's, is a crudely handled mystery with Jack Holt as a rough and noisy inspector of police. "The Voice of the City" is dismal melodrama with underworld characters being very secretive and foxy, although they don't bother to draw the curtains of their windows.—J. C. M.

Dorothy Gray

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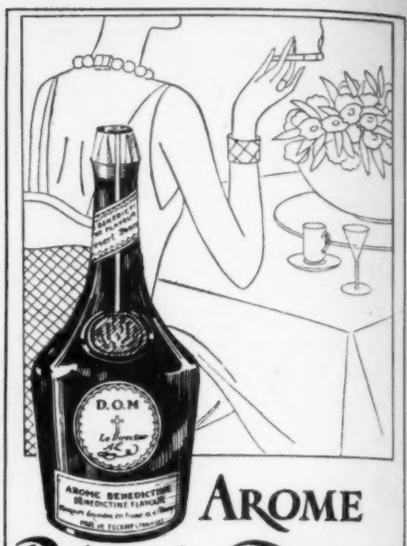
PARIS LETTER

PARIS, APRIL 24

"PARIS-MADRID," starring Raquel Meller, opened in a hullabaloo at the Palace, where seats may be had for a fraction of the twenty-five dollars charged for her opening New York performance. Unfortunately, even the lower Paris price seems too much for the value received. With the exception of some generous *gitanes* whose superb stepping enlivens the spectacle at a late hour, the new revue is a dreary swamp of dull songs and indifferent Spanish sentiment haunted by a cheap, dark-eyed ghost—all that is left of the Raquel Meller of former days. Her voice is gone, her beauty damaged, her personality in disarray. The facial delicacy, the romantic heart, the still small voice which inexplicably earned for her a gross popularity she never seemed suited to bear, have disappeared into the limbo of memories, carrying the pretty creature of "Violetera" and the sad "Scaffold Song" with them. Inflated beyond her strength by gaseous publicity and hokum showmanship, her minute artistry has exploded.

Raquel Meller presents a sad, warning example in theatrical psychology, and remains popular only with the mob.

IT is also worthy of note that not only is Mistinguett selling the Moulin Rouge to an English producer (and for eleven million francs less than her legs are insured for) but that its recent annual production, as well as that at the Casino, failed and closed within a few months of opening. The Casino's is to be replaced by a revue by Rip, which means that it will be written for the French and not for the visiting foreigners—a right-about-face on the part of the big revue theatres. Peculiarly restricted by their polyglot audiences—the Folies programme is printed in four languages this year—wit and humor, being racial, are never attempted in their routines. New stars cannot be found, nor the finances and originality to compete with the more talented New York and London upstarts in the revue racket. A return to Rip, then, would be a return to normal, with satire and the charac-



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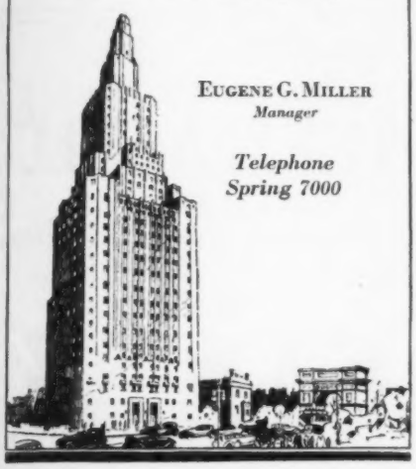

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teristic light tuneless French tunes that are appreciated and unapologised for by a Gallic bourgeois population fed up on American negroes, Spanish dancers, Russian opera, Italian marionettes, Jackson Girls, and German sopranos.

In a Rip revue the French would finally have a chance to brush up again on their French.

THE success of the legitimate stage continues unabated. Two new hits have appeared; one, the Avenue's "Karl et Anna" by the Warzburgian, Léonhard Franck, a Teutonic Barbusse without the fire. "Karl et Anna" is an Enoch Arden story of the late war, dramatic and good theatre. It is said that it will be produced in America this autumn.

The other great hit which should appear in New York is Pagnol's "Marius," at the Théâtre de Paris. A few years ago this poor unknown Provençal youth offered his first piece, "Le Marchand de Gloire," a brilliant attack on French parents who traded on the glory of sons killed in the war. It caused a small riot and was withdrawn. After a long silence came "Topaze," the fat misogynist farce which has earned him a fortune on the boulevards. Now comes "Marius," to our mind the best, the freshest, the most legitimately French theatrical material we have seen for years in France. Its three acts take place in a *bistro* in the Vieux Port in Marseilles, its heroine is the oyster girl who sells her bivalves at the bar door, its hero the son of the *patron* who escapes from love of woman by yielding to his love for ships. The continuous comedy of this heart-wrenching hit is actually based on character, contains real heartthrobs and, though it needs pruning, is still the work of a young mind already so skilled as to put all the old Bernsteins in the shade.

A UNIQUE and extraordinary collection is being brought for show to New York. It is the property of Berenice Abbott, the talented American photographer who, after having been the semi-official portraitist of Gide, Cocteau, Joyce, and all the other fashionable intelligentsia of the Quarter, is permanently taking herself and her talent back to New York and the Hotel des Artistes. The collection consists of about ten thousand prints and two thousand plates—all of the known work except the *monuments historiques*, now the property of

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Adget, who after seventy years of obscure living and dying is now featured in all the *avant-garde* European reviews, was a cabinboy, actor (he played villains), and for the last fifty years a photographer. The last twenty years he lived exclusively on bread, milk, and sugar—from principle and poverty. The greater portion of his documentation was of street life—beggars, hand-organ players, shopfronts of literally all the *métiers*, horses, women's hats, shoes, fashions in fish, in civic and military uniforms—life as it was modestly or sinfully lived in every quarter and suburb of the entire city of Paris. He made a complete camera investigation of the roots in the medical-herb garden in the Jardin des Plantes, of the treetops in Versailles; he did the holiday crowds, getting poses and types as characteristic as the race-track and ballet documents of Degas. He was the first to utilize the beauty of the empty street before Utrillo made it fashionable, though Utrillo bought and supposedly used Adget's streets (and complained of their lack of perspective).

Also, a show of Miss Abbott's Parisian literary portraits, the most acute aggregation of its kind, and furnishing a complete list of the lions of the present decade, will shortly be on view in your home town. If you care about reading, writing, and fine portraiture, go.

WITHOUT disrespect, it may be stated that the brightest recent public events have been the funerals of the great men, which have furnished a rare pageantry for the populace. The funeral procession of Ambassador Herrick was, in splendor and attendant crowds, second only to Marshal Foch's. The test of a public man's popularity nowadays lies in the response given his appearance in newsreels at the cinema. Not only recently but for years Ambassador Herrick was one of the most popular men in France, his image calling a salvo of applause even at neighborhood movies, little given to flattering foreigners. Poincaré, *et al.*, failed to receive the tribute always allotted our late Ambassador, whose demise is sincerely mourned as a great emotional loss to France.

—GENÊT

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THE CRYING ABUSE AND THE GENTLEMANLY WAITER

[The following letter was received recently by the manager of the —— Hotel, and is printed here in the interests of social reform.—THE EDITORS.]

DEAR SIR:

UP until last two weeks I was an employee at your Hotel, for seven months, as a waiter. One Saturday evening I have been stopped by the Head Waiter and send home in the middle of the Dinner Meal for what reason is unknowing to me. And not only that but he call me names in suches manner as this. (YOU JACKASS. WHAT IN THE HELL YOU DOING) Its nothing for him to say those words and this time it happen right in the front door while guest was waiting to be seated and where there was guest on the near by tables eatin there diners. He was always making suches peculiar remakr to me. Because he know that I have been in the army of the U. S. A. during the world war he had to make to me this kind of expressions when I did something. (WHAT TO HELL YOU THINK YOU ARE IN THE ARMY NOW) and some more of those sarcastic remakrs which are not to be allowed in suches high class DINNING ROOM with the best class of People and pay the highest price for food. Its no wonder the plays is not making the business as it did once.

THE cause of me in written this letter is not of asking you for my position or wanted to come back. I said NO SIR. I am through with hotels and disgusted from what it happen. I have never been treated like that before nor have I been called names or been ordered to Get Out without explanation and without finishing my party.

How do you liked to be a waiter and while you are serving a party you are called down from your Head Waiter on the front of the Guest, you surely feel like a penny, and thats the way I felt and from than on I was not possible to give my best service to the people.

Another thing I would like to ask you is was that Dinning Room open for only three or four of the waiters simply because they play the Freind with the Head Waiter and which I call NOTHING BUT SUCKERS.

Oh; yes he holds meetings., and surely he can talk too, but what I

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would call his sayings is nothing but HOT AIR. Because what he says he dont observ himself how then he expect the employees to it.

FIRST. Of all he whistles on the Dinning Room while the music go on.

SECOND. He gose where the electrical heater is where the food of the Guest is kept hot takes the cover off takes a peice what ever it is and start to eated in the Dinning Room. Who knows what the Guest are not watching mostly when they know that there is where there food is kept. I hear one Guest make suches remark.

THIRD. He try on making love to the cashier special right on the Dinning Room and he dont care whos around and this makes the chashier act likes she own the Hotel and believe me she is mean and makes it very hard for a new waiter and I know he has fired some waiters to satisfy her.

FOURTH. Talkong about harmony and help each other its alright. But why dosent he tried and harmonise his own and get to gether with Chef so we can get better results in the service. I dont think the two are talking to each other for the reason is unknowing to me. Just think the two most important heads of the service not talking to each other.

SIXTH. What puzzels me is this ? Is this man the owner of that Dinning Room or he is getting pay to run it. or he is paying some one to hold his job. I know if he had his own plays he would not be so self satisfied and he would not be acting the way he dose. The Plays is running like twenty years ago, and Ala Kaizer style, but now is the TWENTY CENTRY and the Kaizer is OUT.

CALL him up on your office and show him my letter and if he is a man he would not deny one word of my sayings and because it is nothing but the Honest and Goodness Truth and I can repeat every word on my letter right on the front of him and without any fere.

Personally I have no interest but for the interest of the Hotel and the boys who faithful serve

Very respectful yours,
N—— S——

•

GOOD FELLOWS, ALL

[*From the Sweet Briar News*]

At Greenwich, Miss Morenus stood on the line that marks the meridian. Here she met a number of astronomers.

Pure—
but not so innocent!

FOUND! A most jovial contributor to Manhattan night life that has actually managed to stay pure! *Florida Gold Grapefruit Juice* — the pure unadulterated squeezings of two of Florida's fattest grapefruit The pure juice—already to be wallupsed together with another naughty ingredient which people like *you* always seem to keep on tap — but which *we* positively blush to mention.

Not one little thing has been added to this delectable juice but the weeniest touch of pure cane sugar—*that's* how pure it is. But it's guilty, folks—so guilty that we've sealed it up in a little tin prison.

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THE AR

Without the D

IF Walt Kuhn were to be judged by the group of paintings that the Downtown Gallery has assembled for a retrospective show, we would surmise that he would be accorded a considerable place in our list of American painters. The collection has been borrowed from many sources and consequently has gone through the general refining process of finding owners.

In the "Janice" loaned by Arthur Brisbane and the "Beduin" loaned by Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., we have, to our way of thinking, the best of Walt Kuhn. These small canvases show an intense sincerity and a real beauty of achievement. In the dignified "Janice" there is something of the fine quality of Derain. In "Victoria," belonging to Dikran Kelekian, there is a little of the Picasso strain, and the "Dressing Room" owned by the Brooklyn Museum is Kuhn on his way down from the giddy excursion of the Armory show.

Aside from the last two, the show is a self-contained consistent record of a phase of a painter's achievement. From the fact that these pictures were the ones chosen, we imagine that Mr. Kuhn himself prefers this part of his career to his other more flamboyant excursions. Perhaps he had his tongue in his cheek in those days of six-by-eight-foot canvases, or perhaps he only hoped to catch the unknowing American on his own credo—that anything large is necessarily magnificent. However, we imagine that Mr. Kuhn has been analyzing himself and is content with what he found. This show should convince him of his strength and wherein it lies.

WE hope you saw the exhibit of Arnold Friedman at the Kraushaar Galleries. Mr. Friedman is a weakness of ours, being one of the men who paint in spite of everything. While he has continued to teach himself and has picked up from time to time some of the sophistication that seems almost necessary in all painting that is to meet any public, he still retains as his great gift the sincere naïveté of a primitive. We, for one, would not care to see him branch out into any of the didos of the contemporary current of fashion

ART GALLERIES

Patriotism Week

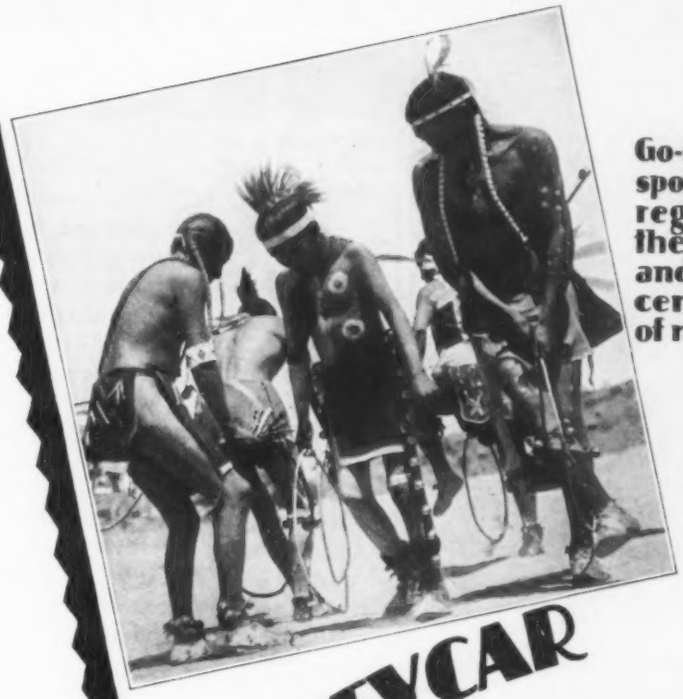
in art. His limited palette keeps him to a tonal consistency and his simple patterns hold him contented with elementary design.

There is something of the elder Breughel in the picture called "February." The portrait-study of himself, and one of the other portraits, mark a high point of accomplishment. We also think "Aqueduct" and "Catskills, No. I" fine paintings. In the portrait of "Father X," the artist is becoming a little selfconscious and too near the goal of all other portrait painters.

WE have been an art judge and have come out unscathed, so far. The seventh exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery is now on at the Art Center, the pictures there being the survivors after we had looked at several hundred and turned their faces to the wall. We do not claim that these are the thirty-five most important paintings in America. We merely liked them best of those submitted.

The chickens by Sister Genevieve we could not resist after we learned that she is a nun, hoping by the sale to earn some money to buy more chickens for her convent. We found Louis Harris crude but possessing a nice simplicity. One of Leslie Powell's paintings, "Family," we found sincere. The other one we thought a bit too slick. Emanuel Romano has a fiery something that may work itself out into pictures of more articulateness. Ada Gabriel has gone a bit Benton but seems working her way to a fine self-expression. The "Long Island Factory" of St. John Dix is unhackneyed, and "At Mendon" is the best of Nathaniel Dirk. Others we liked were Milton Avery and Roselle Springer.

THE G. R. D. Studios have an exhibition of which they are justly proud. It is a show of self-portraits and they have assembled thirty-three artists' more or less glorified ideas of themselves. Not knowing all of the exhibitors, we can lay down no general formulae; but we will venture that in the exalted mood the painter is in while he contemplates himself in the mirror, he is in a fair way to do very well by himself. If Mary Holland is as beautiful as she paints herself, she should give up art and consult Mr. Ziegfeld. The world would benefit. —M. P.



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A Tower in the Hills

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OUT OF TOWN

Boston Weekend—Some Trips for the Really Modern — Derby Day

SPRING has to be good and spring before it thaws the chill heart of Boston, including Cambridge, Soldiers' Field, and the Charles River; but if you *have* to see Harvard baseball games and crew races, you certainly have to. When you drive to Boston, a good way to avoid the traffic of the Post Road is to start along the Bronx River Parkway to Danbury, Waterbury, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester. Parts of this road are good, and the rest are scenic; anyway, it's not so apt to be crowded.

Since the days of my first intimacy with Boston, the Ritz-Carlton has appeared there; and there is no ritzier Ritz. Delightful, to be sure; but hardly so Boston as the Copley-Plaza of sentimental tea-dance and Hale House Ball memories, and the Touraine with its low-voiced, slightly doddering *femmes de chambre*, its unworldly propriety, and its grill whose food is so justly famous everywhere. Never miss roast beef or a mixed grill at the Touraine; those homely dishes are experiences there. Boston also has a new Statler, with the radio-ice-water-automatic-service huzzah of all Statlers; and while they couldn't be called exactly fashionable, the Lenox and the Brunswick have advantages of their own, notably in food and service.

A BOSTON weekend often means a night or two in a wayside sort of inn, and one of the nicest of these is the Deer Cove Inn at Swampscott. It's quite tiny, and makes much of Colonial furniture, brass warming-pans, china-cow cream pitchers and the like. On the North Shore, of course. The other side of Boston offers such places as the Old Natick Inn at Natick, and the Southboro Arms at Southboro, where there are always charming people who come to see their sons at St. Mark's and Fay. At South Sudbury is Longfellow's Wayside Inn, which, if you are in accord with Henry Ford's ideas, you will like.

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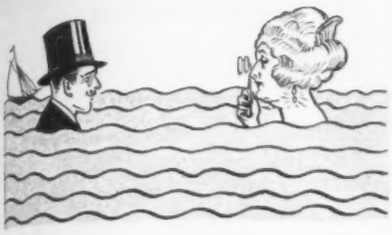

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AIR travel is certainly not developed here to any such extent as it is in Europe, for which we have to thank the Rocky Mountains, but you can go direct from New York to Boston, to Montreal—with a stop at Albany—or to Washington. All the trips start at the Newark Airport.

You can't fly through to Chicago, but you can leave New York at 5 P.M. on the Southwestern Limited of the New York Central, and, getting off at Cleveland the next morning at 6:05, take a plane that leaves at 6:50 and arrives in Chicago at 8:35. You thus beat the Century at both ends, and the total cost is about $75. From Chicago you can fly practically anywhere in the West or Southwest; to St. Louis, Kansas City, Rochester, St. Paul, and Minneapolis; and connect for the further West—Denver and California—at Kansas City. Air travel is so highly organized on the Coast that there are three well-equipped competing lines between San Francisco and Los Angeles. It seems almost superfluous to add that all these passenger-service planes are of the de luxe type, and are not only cabin planes, enabling the pilots and passengers to wear street clothes and straw hats, but boast stewards who bring you tea, bouillon, and crackers.

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The modern home of the Swiss Family Robinson...

Of course you've climbed into a platform in the trees at Chez Robinson, just outside Paris . . . for one of those superb luncheons with *fraises du bois* as a climax . . . just as you've motored out to the Restaurant Kilomètres Cent Quartre for an omelette 'lighter than egg' . . . or have sat in silent admiration while the chef at the Chantecler in Vichy bestowed his final artistry on crêpes suzettes.

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place not on an airplane route, you can always charter a plane from any of the transport companies at a rate averaging fifty cents a mile, round trip. The Air Associates will negotiate for you.

HO for the Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, May 18! The way to go, of course, is on somebody's private car, in which case you live in it; but since there are almost sure to be too many guests for the few private cars, remember that the Pennsylvania Railroad is running a special train—all Pullman, with lots of ice and service—from the Pennsylvania Station direct to Churchill Downs, leaving at 4:05 P.M. Thursday, May 16. A corresponding train leaves the Grand Central (over the New York Central Lines) at 3 P.M. Thursday, carrying all the luxury features of the Raymond-Whitcomb Land Cruises, of which it is an offshoot. These trains start back soon after the meeting, some time Saturday evening, and you live in your Pullman while there. If you just can't find any railroad train to live in, you can stay very happily at the Brown Hotel in Louisville. The night before the meet, there will be prizefights in Louisville, followed by a costume ball at the River Valley Club. Everybody in town keeps open house.

Most people coming from Chicago, the Middle West, and the South, motor to Louisville; if you break precedent and drive there from New York, remember that it is further west than Cincinnati, and just over the line from Indiana, which means taking the William Penn or Lincoln Highways through Pittsburgh. It's about a thousand miles from here to Louisville (three days' hard driving) and if you make an undertaking of the trip, you can come back by driving straight across Kentucky and Virginia, and ending up for a rest at the Cavalier Hotel, Virginia Beach. This is a big, gay, comfortable place, with a wonderful beach that may or may not be warm enough to swim from; I am sure that you can get a good case of sunburn there.

Harking back to Old Kaintuck, it would be wise not to lose any time making hotel and train reservations; the Derby is always pretty popular.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

"We are more interested in the prevention of crime than in its apprehension."—*From a speech by Mr. Whalen.*

We get the idea.

RECENT BOOKS

King Bluebeard and Barnum's Successor

FIDELITY to facts and an astonishing ability to recreate the feeling of an age set Francis Hackett's "Henry the VIIIth" high up among biographies. It is a book which will satisfy historians and psychologists, and will hold the layman with a taste for picturesque personalities completely enthralled. This personal history of a dynast and his wives begins with the coming of a solemn little Spanish girl to England to marry Arthur, the Prince of Wales—when Henry was a fair-haired, cupid-shaped boy of ten, with a face "round as a porringer." It ends in darkness and decay when the hot-blooded man confronted for the last time the pale-blooded priest, Cranmer, who "had attended his master like the bird who ever attends the adventurer at sea." Between these two points moves the lusty pageant of an empire, with Henry at its head: Henry and his vain, pathetic desire for a son; his love of women; his meanness which would lead him to "snuff his candle with his own fingers to pinch a half penny from the moon;" his lavishness which spent itself on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; his humorless egoism, and the deterioration of a character and the body through which it functioned.

TO most of us Henry VIII is the Bluebeard of history. We learned in youth the order of his wives. We could recite "Catharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Katheryn Howard, Katharine Parr," and we could tell the end of each, though deep inquiry into the reasons therefore was not encouraged by the Galesburg High School.

Mr. Hackett has brought six women most vividly to life. In so doing he has given Henry a fairer deal than did the green-covered "History of England" in which his amorous escapades were rather shamefacedly recorded. Jane Seymour, maidenly, sentimental, and inarticulate, who played Anne Boleyn's game without her gaiety, takes on a new garment of ambitious malice. We had always thought tenderly of

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BUILT on the Bay of Fundy, the dignified, low-spreading hotel is the summer home of a group of fine families and their friends keen about sport, and particularly golf. The sea-cooled, sea-moist St. Andrews' eighteen and practice nine are famous. Other sports vary life... four new English *en Tout cas* tennis courts... good saddle-horses... deep-sea sailing, fishing, bathing... music, dancing, movies... supervised play for children... the old loyalist village for colour... and all that Canadian Pacific knows so well how to do to content the most fastidious with food and comfort and service. The Hotel Algonquin opens June 22nd. Details from any Canadian Pacific agent. New York, 344 Madison Ave., at 44th St. Boston, 405 Boylston St. Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd. Or write

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Jane because of her son and her untimely death. And Katheryn Howard had always been for us Henry's "fifth wife," beheaded for some regal whim. Mr. Hackett's portrait of this juvenile delinquent and her royal marriage holds all the elements of tragedy and comedy. And the cleverness of Katharine Parr!

It seems to us that Hackett's "Henry the VIIIth" is a book of lasting distinction and importance. Its absorbing interest is beyond challenge.

THE quality that makes Mr. Werner's "Bryan" so piquantly readable is perhaps the book's greatest defect. William Jennings Bryan tries the patience of his biographer almost beyond endurance and Mr. Werner has difficulty in allowing him any virtues, because those virtues which cannot be denied bore and irritate him. So you must expect a caustic and excoriating wit which occasionally throws the picture out of focus. Mr. Werner does not like the commonplace man, and it is the complete commonplaceness of Bryan's mind which lays him open to this brilliant and entertaining attack. The man who prefaced his memoirs with the statement that he was born "in the greatest of all ages, a member of the greatest of all races—the Caucasian race, and a citizen of the greatest of all lands" was not a unique American figure. He was more mellifluously articulate than several millions of his fortunate Caucasian American contemporaries, but in his manner of thought and in his complacent provincialism he was typical of his time and place. A Bryan biographer, with Mr. Werner's tart humor and nose for a good story, need hardly go further for material than the Bryan speeches, memoirs, and letters, and some of his interviews. "You may say," he told John Reed, "'he likes music. But as with pictures and poetry, it is music that embodies a sentiment.' . . . "My father had a song he used to close our Sunday afternoon services with when I was a boy, 'Kind Words Can Never Die.' Then I am fond of 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought,' and a piece called 'I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go,' and 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.' All these songs have a sentiment. For a band piece I like 'La Paloma.'"

Mr. Werner smacks his lips over a passage by the Prince of Peace which he says "runs the death of Little Nell a close second for the booby prize of literature." He admits that "it is

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A SMART hotel with the kind of service New Yorkers expect. 600 spacious outside rooms . . . each with bath, servidor, circulating ice water and lights on beds.

Roy P. Brainard, Managing Director

POWERS HOTEL · ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Under Same Management

Superfluous Hair

Removed by Multiple Electrolysis

My method is enthusiastically endorsed by science, and I give you my expert personal and confidential attention.

Write for booklet. Satisfaction guaranteed. Consultation free.

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1 West 34th St. Phone WIS. 7889
Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

Run Up *when* Run Down

TAKE stock of yourself today. Are you losing that old time pep; have you lost the zest for work or play? These are but two of the danger signals of a run-down constitution.

Why not run up—or over—to McGovern's Gymnasium? A few hours a week under the care of an individual instructor will soon put you on your feet and start that fine engine of yours again running on all six.

Hours, for men: 9 till 7, Mon., Wed., Fri.; other days 1 till 7. Women: Tues., Thur., Sat., 9 till 1.

McGovern's *Gymnasium* Inc.

(for men and women)

Liggett Building
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IN PERSON and his
CONNECTICUT YANKEES
at alluring and advanced
VILLA VALLEE* "10 EAST" 60TH Street†
DINNER DE LUXE TWO FIFTY
or a la carte nightly (*Including Sundays*)
MUSIC CONTINUOUS
From 7 P.M. to closing
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TEA DANCES SATURDAYS 4 to 6.30 P.M.
* Purified, cooled and refreshing air constantly circulating
† *Ample Automobile Parking Space*
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difficult to believe in Bryan's attraction when one reads his speeches, but it must be remembered that they were not composed to be read but were carefully orchestrated for his extraordinary voice."

Our favorite passage of the book is that describing Mr. Bryan's return to Normal, Nebraska, after his world tour. Addressing the homefolks, he says: "We have visited the temples of the Orient, we have stood in the most magnificent cathedrals of Europe, my wife and I, but after all we'd rather be here in this little white church at Normal." Then he distributed the pebbles he had brought back as souvenirs from the Sea of Galilee!

WE got none of the sense of beautifully planned and inevitable horror from François Mauriac's "Destinies" that we did from his "Thérèse." It is, to begin with, a more timed and timely story. Although the action takes place in the country of vineyards, dark pine forests, and salt marshes around Bordeaux, and although the same tight-lipped, tight-pursed peasants who drove Thérèse to the point of madness are grouped sombrely in the background, there is a modern touch introduced by the gay and restless Parisians who swarm over the prim little dwelling of the Lagraves.

Bob Lagrave is a meteoric young man whose charm, which is the backbone of this novel, never became apparent to us. He belongs to the vineyards and is probably a symbol of the grape. He comes home from his mysterious, and we fear reprehensible, life in Paris to recuperate from an illness. The want of imagination of his parents prevented them "from forming any idea of the secret life of their son. . . . Sometimes, towards evening, they watched him come in and collapse like a tired carrier-pigeon, though they had no conception of the places he had passed on his journey." Bob is sent off to his relatives, where his love affair comes to a climax. We'd say that if you read that gorgeous predecessor "Thérèse" you will want to read "Destinies," and you will be disappointed. —R. L. L.

•

Mrs. George Hughes of Fairport was taken to Lake County hospital and operated on Saturday morning. Mrs. Hughes was reported as not serious.—*Lake County (Fla.) Republican Herald.*

That wouldn't stop a good surgeon.

VENI! VIDI! WHOOPEE!

The new Stutz has captured the hearts of New York's motor *cognoscenti* with a swiftness which recalls Caesar's saying, "*The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand.*"

Stutz sales in New York the first three months this year were 172 per cent greater than during the same period in 1928—unquestionably the most pronounced increase in popularity won by any fine car this year.

What is the reason for this marked swing to Stutz among those who can afford their choice of the world's smartest motor cars?

This: in addition to giving you the most desirable features of ten other motor cars, Stutz alone offers you four new basic improvements in engineering which guarantee maximum performance with maximum safety in today's fast traffic, *without which no car can be considered modern.*

When may we demonstrate what a truly modern motor car should be—and do? Just 'phone Columbus 7070.

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sells at $3395 to $6895

BLACKHAWK
sells at $2395 to $2655
Prices, f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.
Broadway at 62nd Street
Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

A CAPTIVATING cookery flavor that changes cottage fare to castle cuisine. Send for free copy of "Treasured Flavors," the new idea recipe book that tells how. Please address Dept. 526, Italian Vineyard Company, 11 Hubert St., New York City. Other offices: Los Angeles, Chicago, New Orleans. Vineyard at Guasti, Calif.

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Hotel and Restaurant

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CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL"

THEODORE TITZÉ MANAGING DIRECTOR

RESTAURANT CRILLON

There is a simple remedy for overwrought nerves, lack of appetite, and that sort of thing . . . A specific cure—and not expensive.

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Destinies, by François Mauriac (*Covici, Friede*). A novel of the bourgeoisie in the Bordeaux wine country; not up to the author's "Thérèse."

Round Up: The Stories of Ring Lardner (*Scribner*). A selection of short stories, all of which have been published before, by an American humorist who is also a great artist.

Six Mrs. Greenes, by Lorna Rea (*Harper*). Six women marry six Greene men, and this is a fascinating account of what happened to them.

Treadmill, by Lola Jean Simpson (*Macmillan*). The disillusioning experience of a young girl who teaches in her home-town high school.

Wings of Wax, by Janet Hoyt (*Sears*). What goes on in a great coeducational university. Interesting for its portrait of a president.

As Far as Jane's Grandmother's, by Edith Olivier (*Viking Press*). Beautifully written story of Jane, whose life is limited by her grandmother. A remarkable treatment of the relations between three women.

The Three Couriers, by Compton Mackenzie (*Doubleday, Doran*). Romantic adventure story of the British Secret Service in a Balkan capital. Good fun.

The Innocent Voyage, by Richard Hughes (*Harper*). If the fantasy and magic of this story do not quicken your pulse, give up reading for pleasure. It's about pirates and children, but not in the least like "Peter Pan."

A Dish for the Gods, by Cyril Hume (*Doubleday, Doran*). Honest, well-written story of an admirable girl who got all mixed up at the start and had to go a long way to cover a short distance.

The Golden Fleece, by John Gunther (*Harper*). Chicago and the younger generation, with some high goings-on because a girl wouldn't take life second-hand. Very readable novel.

Less recent:

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. A Native Argosy, by Morley Callaghan. The Burning Fountain, by Eleanor Carroll Chilton. The Devil Beats His Wife, by Ben Wasson. All in a Day, by Martin Armstrong. The Son of Dr. Tradusac, by Elizabeth Huntington. The Merry Heart, by Frank Swinnerton. Dynasty, by Clarence Budington Kelland. Sixty Seconds, by Maxwell Bodenheim.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

The Black Pigeon, by Anne Austin (*Greenberg*). . . . Streaked with Crimson, by Charles J. Dutton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . The King Murder, by Charles Reed Jones (*Dutton*). . . . The Three Amateurs, by Michael Lewis (*Houghton Mifflin*). . . . The C. V. C. Murders, by Kirby Williams (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Patient in Room 18, by M. G. Eberhart (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Death of the Claimant, by A. Richard Martin (*McBride*). . . . The Mayfair Murder, by Henry Holt

(*Dial Press*). . . . DEATH ON THE AIR, by Herman Landon (*Liveright*). . . . THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARY YOUNG, by Milton M. Propper (*Harper*). . . . MURDER IN STRANGE HOUSES, by Richard Peckham (*Minton, Balch*). . . . THE PERSON CALLED "Z," by J. Jefferson Farjeon (*Dial Press*).

GENERAL

HENRY THE VIIITH, by Francis Hackett (*Liveright*). The story of a king and the women who failed to be mothers of kings. A magnificent renaissance of the early Tudors.

ROPE AND FAGGOT: A Biography of Judge Lynch, by Walter White (*Knopf*). Lynch-law and lynchings ably analyzed according to the economic and religious factors, sex, and racial antagonism. Extremely interesting though disheartening reading.

BRYAN, by M. R. Werner (*Harcourt, Brace*). Mr. Werner's entertaining and illuminating biography of another great showman.

ANGELS AND EARTHLY CREATURES, by Elinor Wylie (*Knopf*). The last poems of Elinor Wylie; in many ways her best and ripest.

MR. GAY, by Oscar Sherwin (*John Day*). Charmingly written life of the fat and amiable bard who wrote "The Beggar's Opera" and was the petted darling of his generation.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE, by Gerald W. Johnson (*Minton, Balch*). Portrait of a Virginia aristocrat who "loved justice and hated equality," and who is remembered less for his political importance than for his terrible tongue.

PARISH'S FANCY, by Walter Guest Kellogg (*John Day*). Full-flavored and entertaining true story of George Parish and his lady, the Contessina Ameriga Vespucci, in the dashing forties.

SWORDS AND ROSES, by Joseph Hergesheimer (*Knopf*). Another backward glance by Mr. Hergesheimer. This time at the "deep South" and some of its men and women who played parts in the Civil War. Not very good essays.

LION, by Martin Johnson (*Putnam*). Martin Johnson and his wife Osa, "who holds the gun," do another act on the African circuit.

RED TIGER, by Phillips Russell (*Brentano*). Unusual adventures in Yucatan and Mexico amusingly illustrated by Leon Underwood.

SEX IN CIVILIZATION, edited by V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen (*Macaulay*). Havelock Ellis has written the introduction to this symposium of the views of over thirty distinguished contributors on the subject.

Less recent:

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL, by Edward Hope. MANHATTAN MEN, by Alfred Kreymborg. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. AND THEN CAME FORD, by Charles Merz. PLAIN PEOPLE, by E. W. Howe. CAGLIOSTRO, by Johannes von Guenther.

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From a speech by Senator Jones before the Anti-Saloon League*]

"In the same way we exchange for the handful of Americans who go to Montreal and Quebec for bibulous purposes, tens of thousands of Canadians who come to this country to build up homes where they are sheltered from the dangers inherent to liquor traffic."

BO-NESS
one of 50 styles at $7
Other prices up to $12

We've found how to price it $7

"TOO little," perhaps you think, "for a fine shoe."

True elsewhere, but here our modern methods produce fine shoes at lower cost. We *prove* it with this shoe "Bo-ness."

Here's a grade of workmanship *and* style *and* imported calfskin . . . in a shoe that's worth *two* dollars more.

We've lowered manufacturing costs . . . kept expenses out of store-keeping . . . result —this fine "Bo-ness" is yours for $7.

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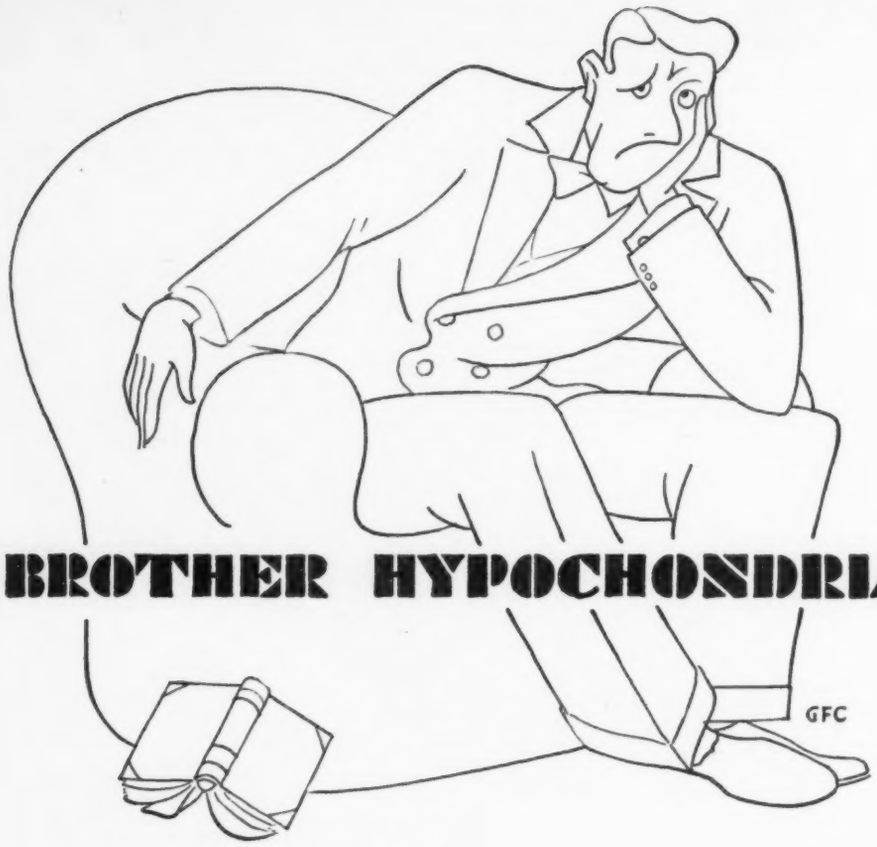

BROTHER HYPOCHONDRIAC . .

We all feel like that!

LOW—pretty low.

When we're up we're up, but when we're down we're down.

Funny pains in unexpected places. Sneaking, private belief that an insurance doctor would order five major operations and a trip to Denver. Killing pace of modern life. Bad—very, very bad. . . . .

• • • •

Listen man—and girl—we all feel like that! And nine-tenths of the time we know there's nothing to it, and laugh at ourselves for fussing.

But just the same we keep that guilty feeling about not getting enough air, sunshine, sleep, bran, exercise, vitamins, and all that healthy stuff.

• • • •

Here's a pertinent suggestion to consider . . . . Not a panacea . . . . Unnecessary if you had time and inclination to do all the healthy outdoor stuff . . . . But a sound way toward health practiced in 200 hospitals.

Install Vita glass windows in your home, your projected home, or your office. Pick the smart apartments where Vita glass has been installed.

Vita glass windows transmit the ultra-violet rays of sunshine which build health in exhausted bodies . . . . stimulate creation of Vitamin D in the system . . . . kill harmful bacteria in the atmosphere . . . . tan pallid faces indoors.

Ordinary window glass excludes these rays. But with Vita glass each room becomes a chamber of living ultra-violet light. • • • •

Don't worry. You're probably fairly healthy now, in spite of your anxieties. But you'll have a bigger chance of getting healthier and staying healthier if your indoor hours are spent in the same ultra-violet sunshine which floods your week-end afternoons.

To have Vita glass installed, you need only telephone Vanderbilt 1749. We will arrange all details of installation within one base price.

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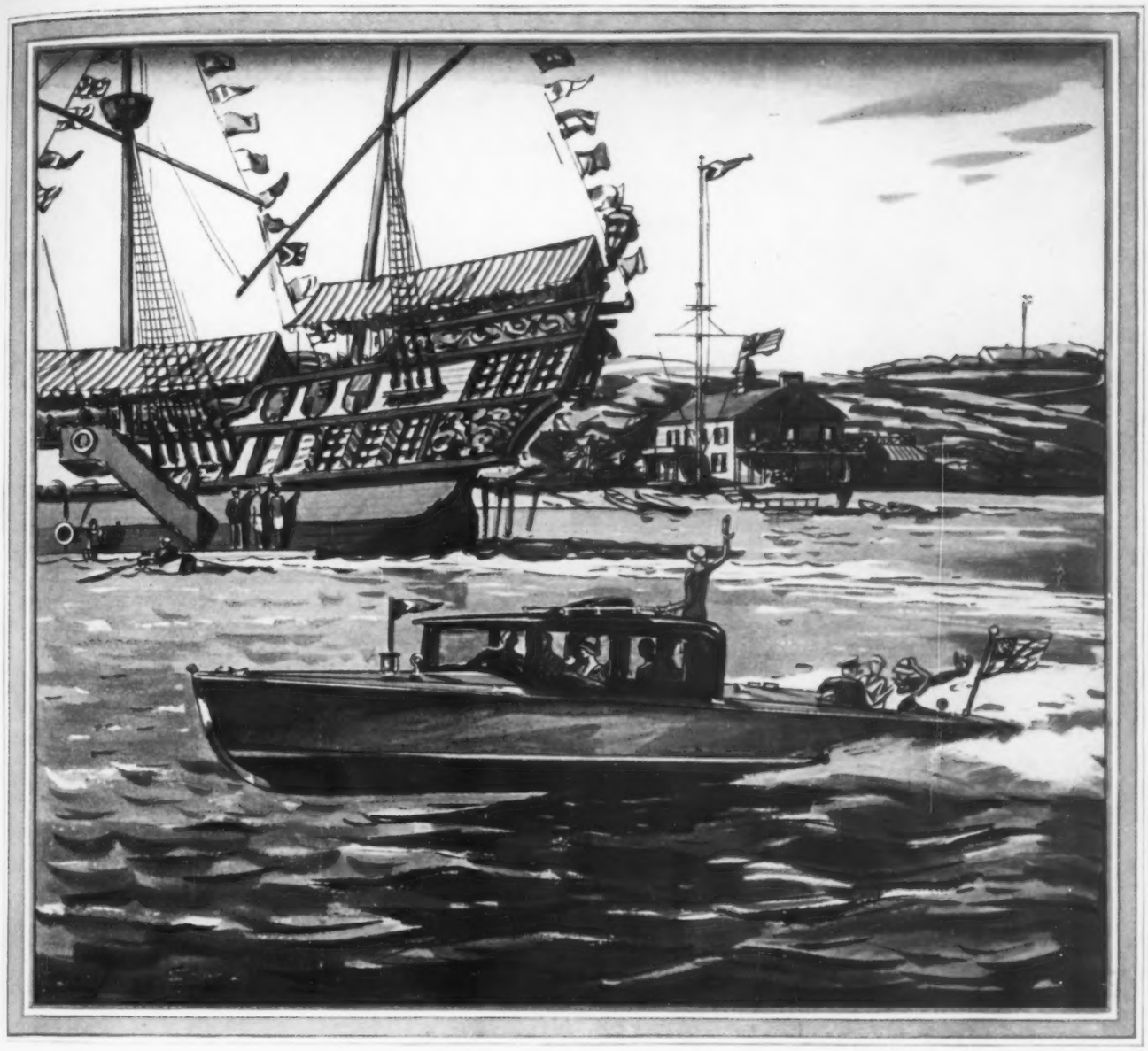
VITA GLASS

Brings the sun indoors



SPORTSMEN and Sportswomen who have long known Dodge Boats as the standard of excellence are welcoming the greatly expanded Dodge program + + Added models incorporating the most advanced style, comfort and convenience features + + Increased production facilities + + A custom division devoted to cruisers and special models + + The development of a service organization national in scope + + Models in stock from twenty feet up, closed or open, $1,675 to $7,800.

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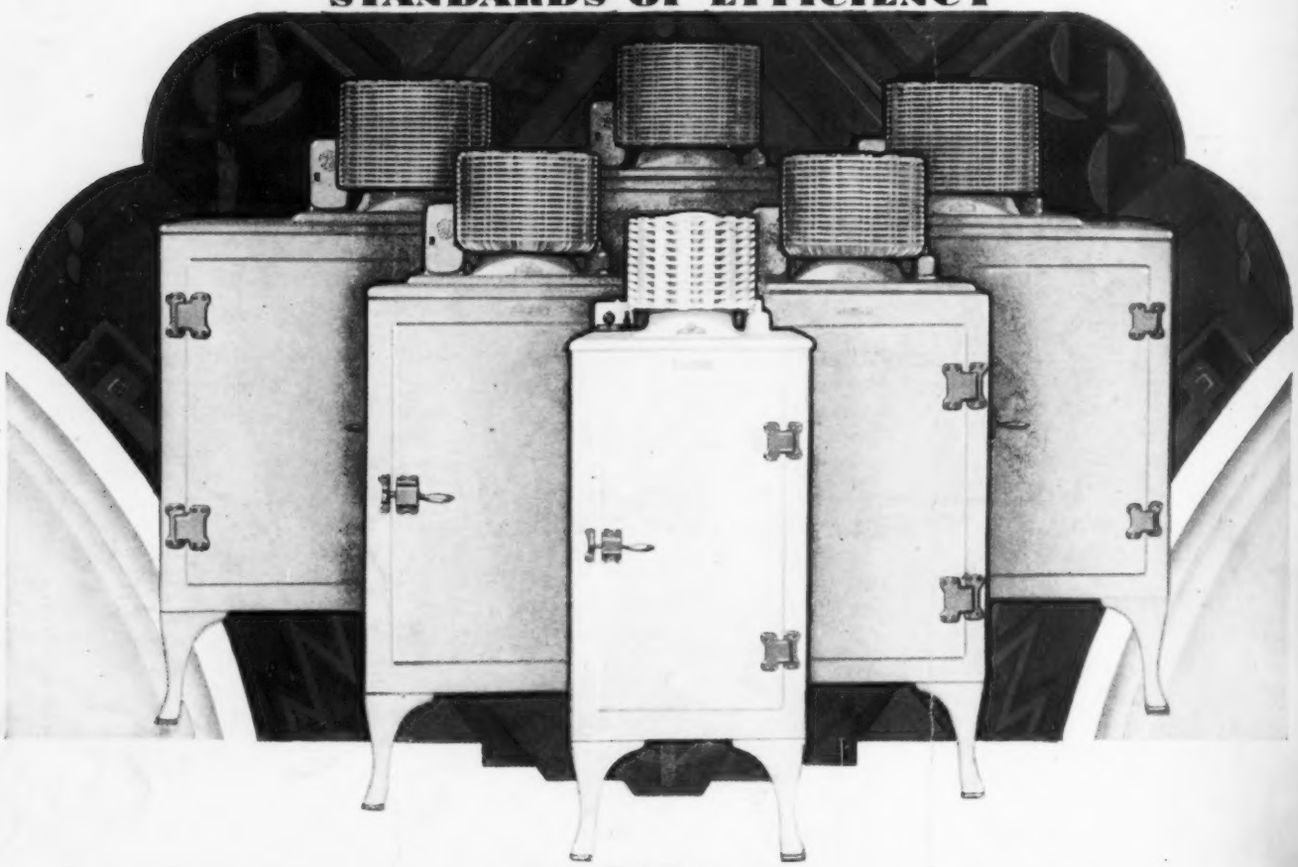
Now presenting six ALL-STEEL MODELS

INTRODUCING STILL HIGHER STANDARDS OF EFFICIENCY



GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

A new era in refrigeration dawns with this announcement of General Electric All-Steel models. Added strength and a sturdiness that defies the years is what all-steel construction means in words. But, in actuality, it means every inch of construction is steel.

Now, you can buy an electric refrigerator with a cabinet that cannot warp. One with doors that will always fit perfectly. One which operates with the least amount of current.

The hermetically sealed mechanism remains just as it always has been . . . sealed away from dust and difficulties, permanently oiled, quiet, unseen, untouched . . . one of the miracles of modern science.

And, greater-than-ever-values are effected, for with the new designs come new low prices. Mass production has made possible many important economies. Prices at the factory now start at only $215, and there are six sizes of the all-steel models to choose from.

Come in and see them. Only then can you realize how different, how vastly *better* they are. Only a few dollars a month buys one.

REX COLE, INC.

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